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THOMAS BLORE, THE TOPOGRAPHER.

A CHAPTER IN BIOGRAPHY.

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AMONG the many celebrated men to whom Derbyshire has given birth—men who have ranked high in their several walks of life, who have graced the literature and art of their country, and who have risen by their own exertions and filled their missions worthily and well—the name of Thomas Blore is one surely not to be forgotten, for but few “Derbyshire worthies” have attained to so high a position as he did as a topographer and a genealogist, and equally as few have laboured so diligently as he in the field of general archæology.

His memoir—although his name is familiar to topographers everywhere—has not, strange to say, hitherto been written, and I have therefore thought that it was fitting that it should now find a place in the pages of the “RELIQUARY,” a depository peculiarly suited for its reception. With the valuable assistance of his son, my friend Edward Blore, Esq., F.S.A., to whom in a great measure I am indebted for the following information, I have thrown together some particulars of the life and works of this remarkable man, which will, I hope, be found to form a not uninteresting, or unprofitable—although a new—chapter in the biography of our country. In doing so I have confined myself to little more than a simple narrative of his intellectual progress, and of the works he produced. These, and not his private life, are what the public has to do with, for it is to these he owed that high reputation as an antiquary which he so long enjoyed.

Thomas Blore was the son of John and Elizabeth Blore, respectable people of the middle class, at Ashborne, where the family had evidently been settled for many generations. The family, it may be

remarked, is one of high antiquity in the neighbourhood of Ashborne, not far from which town is the village of Blore, with which in early times it was connected. The subject of this memoir had, indeed, I believe, succeeded in tracing the pedigree of his family back to a very distant period, and the result of his labour passed, with his Derbyshire MS. collections, into the hands of his son.

Mr. Blore was born at Ashborne on the 1st of December, 1764, and baptized at Ashborne Church on the 26th of that month, and he received his education, including a certain portion of Latin, at the Free Grammar School of that place. His superior intellect and scholastic progress while at this school was so remarkable, as to lead to his being introduced, as a boy of extraordinary promise, to the great Dr. Johnson, when on a visit to his friend Dr. Taylor, then a resident at Ashborne.

The Grammar School at Ashborne, founded in 1586, under letters patent of Elizabeth, and endowed by the munificence of Sir Thomas Cokaine, William Bradborne, Thomas Carter, Thomas Hunt, William Jackson and others—"being born," says Stowe, "in or near to Ashborne in the Peak, in the County of Derby, combining their loving benevolence together, have builded there a faire schoolhouse, with convenient lodgings for a master, and a liberal maintainance allowed thereto,"—is an establishment to which other distinguished men besides Mr. Blore owe their education. It is a large Elizabethan building, with six gables to the street, situated in Church Street, near the church gates, and directly opposite the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Taylor, which is rendered memorable by the not unfrequent visits of Johnson.

After completing his school education, he was placed in the office of Mr. Thomas Ince, solicitor, of Wirksworth, and afterwards articulated himself to Mr. Edmund Evans, solicitor of Derby, who had been articulated to Mr. Ince in the year 1773. Mr. Ince was attorney to Dr. Taylor, and on several occasions defended actions brought against him for non-residence at Bosworth, and other matters. It is not, therefore, improbable, that it was through Dr. Taylor's recommendation, that young Blore was placed in his office. Some MS. pedigrees of the Talbots and Howards, prepared by him for Mr. Ince, in the matter of a Writ of Partition, *Immanuel Halton v. The Earl of Thanet*, are still in existence. At Mr. Ince's it probably was that he first acquired that love for archeology which so distinguished him in after life, for Mr. Ince being the attorney to the Hurt family and others, he had access to a large number of old deeds and other documents suitable to his taste. Whilst pursuing his legal education it was that he first evinced that decided taste for topographical pursuits which became the predominant passion of his future life, and for which he eventually sacrificed the brilliant prospects then before him, and which he might have commanded. The intensity and devotion with which this pursuit got possession of his mind at that early period, was proved amongst other ways, by the circumstance of a copy of Thoroton's *History of Nottinghamshire* having come into his possession by way of loan for a limited period, and his pecuniary resources being inadequate to the purchase of a book he was so anxious to possess, he deliberately

devoted his leisure hours to making a copy of the entire work, from which, with wonderful perseverance, he did not desist until the whole was completed.

Those who know Thoroton's book, will best understand the labour which such a task entailed on young Blore, and will best appreciate the devotion to antiquities and topography which he thus displayed. Thoroton's *Nottinghamshire* was originally published in 1677, in one folio volume, and afterwards, edited by Throsby, in three volumes quarto, in 1797. It is full of particulars of descent of property, epitaphs, and family history, and contains a vast amount of information collected from MSS. and other sources. The copy of this work made by the youth, and many other of his manuscripts, have unfortunately been lost.

On the completion of his engagement with Mr. Evans, Mr. Blore commenced practice on his own account at Derby, with such reasonable prospects of success, that he soon after married his cousin Margaret Blore, of Ashborne, who being of a delicate and consumptive constitution, died within three years, leaving him a widower with two children, the eldest a boy (the present architect of that name, now retired from the profession), and a girl, who survived her mother only one year. Mr. Blore had been engaged only a few years (probably about four or five) in the practice of his profession, in which he had acquired considerable reputation amongst his neighbours, before he was recommended as a person eminently qualified to undertake the management of the affairs of Philip Gell, Esq., of Hopton, whose property, in consequence of expensive living and mismanagement, had fallen into serious, and as it was supposed, almost irretrievable embarrassment. The more effectually to fulfil this engagement, he, unfortunately for his future prospects in life, gave up his practice at Derby, and went to reside with the family at Hopton. During, however, the short period of his professional career at Derby, and subsequently at Hopton, he continued on all convenient occasions to add to his topographical collections, more especially such as had reference to the history and antiquities of his native county. These in a short time had become so large and comprehensive, as to inspire him with the idea of producing a work on the subject, corresponding in plan with that of Warwickshire, by Dugdale, and at a more recent period, of the adjoining county of Stafford, by Shaw, of which a portion only had then been published. Comparatively, however, unknown, as Mr. Blore was up to that time in the county, he thought it advisable, before entering on the larger work, to exhibit his powers for undertaking and successfully completing so difficult and arduous a task, by producing a smaller work, as a specimen of the style and character of the history thus contemplated. With this object, he published in 1793, a small quarto volume of the *History and Antiquities of the Manor and Manor House of South Wingfield*, illustrated with numerous engravings of the interesting remains at that place, and engraved seals and genealogies of its early possessors. This specimen was allowed to be a most successful earnest of what might reasonably be expected, should encouragement be held out for

proceeding with the more important scheme, and the complimentary poems, usual at that time, were abundantly bestowed upon the author and his work by the local poets, including Dr. Darwin, with whom Mr. Blore was on terms of the closest intimacy. As a literary composition, the style of the Wingfield volume was considered to be admirable, and for its clearness and simplicity, excellently adapted to the subject on which he had to treat. The genealogical tables of the owners, and the statistical details which form no inconsiderable portion of the work, were prepared with an amount of research, accuracy, and distinctness, which equalled, if it did not surpass, what had been previously accomplished by any work of the same kind.

It was expected, from the gratifying reception with which this specimen met, that it would have insured its author the patronage and support of the wealthy and influential residents of the county, aided by the more general support of the collectors of works of this description; and under this impression Mr. Blore issued proposals and prospectus, describing the nature, extent, and cost of the work, and inviting subscriptions to enable him to ascertain the extent of support he might calculate upon receiving. His object was, as far as possible, to assure himself against positive loss beyond that of his own great labour, and time necessary to its accomplishment. In furtherance of this object, he at the same time had the account of Alderwasley, occupying four folio pages, set up in type, and a few proof sheets as specimens struck off. One of these he sent to the Incumbent of the pariah, with a request that he would examine and correct the statistical details and then return it. This request was not complied with, nor was any answer, notwithstanding repeated applications, ever returned. The appeal made to the county, we are sorry to add, met with no better success; the subscriptions that came in were but few, far short of what had been hoped for, and these two discouraging circumstances induced Mr. Blore in disgust to abandon, for a time, the intention of proceeding with the work. He nevertheless, on all convenient occasions, continued to add to his collections, no doubt hoping that the time might come when the intention of publication might be resumed under more favorable circumstances—An event which was never realized.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Blore allowed this first discouragement to deter him from prosecuting his intention of publishing his projected history. Such discouragement as he met with was certainly somewhat disheartening, but not sufficient to induce him to abandon his scheme. Such incidents as non-return of proofs, and inattention to requests for information, are of constant occurrence, as every antiquary and topographer knows to his sorrow; but to the genuine and earnest worker, these incidents only serve as incentives to greater exertion, and to spur on the determination. When a difficulty arises, a determination to surmount it ought surely to rise also, and in proportion as the obstacles increase, so the strength and the will to cope with and overcome them ought to be found to increase in like manner. As one source of information closes, another, by dint of perseverance is sure to open out, and had Mr. Blore at this

time determined upon prosecuting his scheme, despite the want of courtesy and encouragement which he felt so keenly in the outset, he might doubtless have succeeded, and in the end have given to the world such a history of his native county as would have done it honour. Mr. Blore had ample materials already prepared as a ground work, he had access to every source of information he could require, and he had industry and skill of no ordinary character to bring to bear upon his work; and it is much to be regretted, that he did not meet that encouragement in the county which he was entitled to receive. His collections of MS. materials, now in the hands of his son, show well the zeal with which he had prosecuted his researches, and added to these, he had gone to considerable expense in having plates engraved for his work. Where these plates now are is not known, but I have seen impressions from them, which are preserved in a private collection, and the beauty of their execution adds greatly to the regret which every topographer must feel, that a work so ably begun was ever abandoned.*

The History of Derbyshire has yet to be written, for there are none extant worthy of the name, except Lyson's, published in 1817 (to which Mr. Blore contributed), which is too brief to be regarded as a good work, and Glover, which is incomplete, having, although Part I of Vol. II., containing the places in alphabetical order down to Ds was published in 1833, never extended beyond that portion. It is much to be hoped, that a county history, worthy the name, may yet be written, and that the materials collected by Mr. Blore, along with other immense funds of information now existing, but which it is not my province in this memoir to point out, may be made available for the purpose.

On the death of Mr. Gell, which happened in the year 1795, the establishment at Hopton was broken up. Mr. Blore having fulfilled his difficult duties at that place with great ability, and succeeded in redeeming the property from the serious embarrassments with which it was encumbered when he undertook it, his services were of course no longer required. He quitted the county and at once took up his residence in London, with the intention of being called to the Bar, and in furtherance of that object was entered a member of the society of the Middle Temple. Unfortunately, after keeping all his terms, he abandoned or rather postponed the intention—for what reason is not known—and consequently never was called to the Bar—a circumstance much to be regretted, as his legal knowledge and acquirements were calculated to place him amongst the foremost ranks of the profession. Being thus released from professional studies, he resumed his antiquarian pursuits with increased ardour, spending much of his time at the Tower and other depositories of public records, and making such extracts from them as had reference to, and illustrated the history of, places in which he took an interest, at the same time

* It is hoped that this allusion to the engravings may be the means of ascertaining in whose possession the original copper plates now are.

cultivating the acquaintance of the most distinguished literary characters resident in London.

On the 21st of May, 1798, Mr. Blore married, at Stapleford, in Hertfordshire, Dorothy, the widow of Philip Gell, Esq., of Hopton, whose intimate acquaintance he had of course made while managing the family estates during his residence at Hopton Hall. This lady was one of the daughters and coheirs of William Milnes,* Esq., of Aldercar Park, in Derbyshire, possessed of great personal attractions, highly accomplished, witty, and distinguished for her literary taste and attainments—the productions of her pen coming from a highly cultivated mind and a pure taste. With this lady he went to reside at Benwick Hall, near Hertford. It was during his residence at this place, that amongst his other amusements he was accustomed to make excursions to the villages in the neighbourhood, and throughout the county, making notes of all the antiquarian and topographical details connected with them, to which he added extracts from records, genealogical tables, and all such other materials as constitute the staple of a county history. This, however, was done merely for amusement, and without the slightest intention of publication. Eventually these collections were bound up, forming three folio volumes of closely written MSS.; and when Mr. Clutterbuck became aware that such a collection had been formed, and had ascertained how important the attainment of such a valuable accession was towards completing his collection for the history of the county, which he had then announced his intention, publicly, of publishing, an arrangement was made for their being transferred to that gentleman, and they may be said, in a great measure, to have formed the nucleus of the materials for the publication which afterwards appeared in three folio volumes. Mr. Blore at the same time collected a volume of Pedigrees of Cambridge-shire families.

After a short residence at Benwick Hall, during which Mr. Blore was occupied with the above and similar pursuits, he left Hertfordshire and took up his residence at Mansfield Woodhouse, and from thence, after a very short sojourn, he removed to Burr House, near Bakewell. It was during his residence at this place, that unhappy differences, to which I need not further allude, arose between him and Mrs. Blore. These differences led to a separation, after which they never met again. Mrs. Blore died at Edensor on the 20th of April, 1808, and was buried at Wirksworth.

During his residence at Bakewell, it does not appear that he occupied any large portion of his time with his usual and favourite pursuit, though there is no doubt that it was not altogether neglected. Having no inducement, under the unhappy circumstances above alluded to, to remain longer at the residence where they had occurred, Mr. Blore, although in the midst of men of genial minds and pursuits, among whom were his intimate friends, White Watson, Daniel Da-

* The coheirresses of Mr. Milnes were Jane, married to the Rev. John Smith; Mary, married first to Jonathan Leo, and afterwards to Peter Pegge Burnell, Esq.; and Dorothy, married first to Philip Gell, Esq., and afterwards to Mr. Blore.

keyne, and others, removed from thence and took up his abode at Manton, a small village in Rutlandshire. Why he made this selection of a locality is not known. The consequence however of his doing so was, that he commenced first of all by illustrating, in various ways, Wright's History of the County, adding genealogies, emblazoning arms (at which he was very expert), and in other ways making it a very splendid volume. From this beginning may be attributed, in a great measure, the History of the County which he afterwards in part published. The circumstance, however, which most materially contributed to his undertaking this history, was the extreme attention and encouragement he received from the eccentric Sir Gerard Noel, the largest landed proprietor in the county, who encouraged him with offers of every possible support and assistance for carrying out his intention; and who opened to him freely the stores of the muniment-room at Exton, comprehending a vast amount of documentary records, illustrating the descent of property and families connected with Rutlandshire. At the same time Mr. Blore met with more or less encouragement from other gentlemen and landed proprietors connected with the county. One however of the principal inducements which led him to decide upon the undertaking was, that the county being small, the history might be rendered more complete, at the same time that it might be accomplished in less time, in a much smaller compass, and consequently at a smaller outlay and with less pecuniary risk, than at that time had been incidental to topographical works.

Having completed his collections for one district of the county, and prepared them for publication, Mr. Blore removed to Stamford, at which place he made arrangements with a printer, under a strict agreement that the publication should be completed within a fixed time, and that every part of the work should be performed under his own immediate superintendence. For this purpose, the best compositor in the office was placed entirely at Mr. Blore's command, and this was found to be a most important arrangement, "as one of the peculiar features of the work is the skill with which the genealogical tables are arranged, and which, instead of being confused and straggling, as had been the case in previous works, were rendered compact and clear by the skill employed in the arrangement and distribution of the descents. This could not have been accomplished had the work been confided to an ordinary compositor without such skilful guidance, and the man eventually entered with such zeal into the wishes of his employer, as to have become a most valuable accessory to the work on which he was employed. For some time the printing went on prosperously, the printer punctually performing his engagement as to time and all other circumstances. After a time, however, the printer began to take the compositor, exclusively to be devoted to Mr. Blore, to other work, and the progress of the history was proportionably retarded; remonstrances were unavailing, the evils kept on increasing, and Mr. Blore's patience became severely taxed. The printing however of the volume, after serious delay, was at length completed, and as the engraved illustrations had been ready some time, the publication took place at the latter end of the year 1811. Unfortunately

the delay had been very prejudicial to the sale of the history, and this, added to the limited local interest arising from the small district comprehended in the work, its great cost, and the few landed or wealthy residents in the county, who were either able or willing to make the outlay, occasioned a heavy loss; the sale also amongst non-resident antiquaries and purchasers of such works, fell far short of what was expected. Notwithstanding, however, this severe disappointment, the work was universally admitted to possess the highest merit, combining the most clear and comprehensive account of the descent of property, the genealogies of families, the biography of distinguished individuals, and statistical details; and as such it became the model on which all subsequent works of the same kind were formed, including *Surtree's Durham*, *Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire*, *Baker's Northamptonshire*, &c. It was also remarkable for the superiority of paper and printing, and the artistic superiority, and increased fidelity with which the illustrations were executed." Owing to the circumstances above narrated, the *History of Rutland* was never completed, the only part published being Part 2 of Volume I. It was issued in royal folio, at the price of three guineas, and was illustrated with many beautifully executed plates.

It was during the period of Mr. Blore's residence at Stamford, that he became involved in the political contest for the representation of the borough. The patronage of the borough had long been in the hands of the Exeter family, whose splendid mansion, Burghley House, adjoins the town, and whose nominees for many generations had been elected without opposition. At this time the descendant of this noble family was a minor, and the affairs, including the political interest in the borough, were managed by trustees. "This influence as regarded the borough, had been managed with an utter want of judgment and consideration for the feelings of the constituency, and a vacancy in the representation having occurred, and an attempt made to force upon them one of the trustees, a solicitor, as their representative, the independent spirit of the electors was roused. In consequence of this, an independent party which had been progressively growing up in the borough, and had become tolerably powerful, combined to resist this encroachment on their supposed rights, and Mr. Blore, in consideration of his superior talents and attainments, was unanimously engaged as its leader. Under existing circumstances, the case was considered an urgent one, and one also that offered great and reasonable hopes of success. An opposition candidate was soon found, and his appearance in the borough was hailed with enthusiasm. The gentleman, whose name was Oddy, was quite unknown in the place and neighbourhood. He represented himself as possessed of great commercial wealth and connections, and of independent principles; was full of professions and promises, and appeared fully to realize all the requirements of the constituency. A committee was immediately formed to secure his election, and Mr. Blore was placed at its head. The struggle which ensued was a very severe one, and there appeared every probability of its being successful; but unfortunately just before its commencement, doubts began

to be entertained as to the genuineness of the popular candidate, and the inquiries, both personal and otherwise, tended very much to confirm these suspicions, which eventually were fully verified. The consequence was, that many of his more influential supporters became lukewarm, and his election was lost. Had any gentleman of fortune and character connected with the neighbourhood, come forward on the occasion, the result would no doubt have been very different.

"Connected with the political ferment occasioned by this election, was the establishment of a local newspaper in opposition to the Tory paper, which had long been the only channel of communication by which the inhabitants had been made acquainted with the political events of the time and the news of local interest. This had become quite feeble, and almost obsolete as regarded the object proposed, and was consequently far from satisfying the requirements of the advanced intellectual demands of the time. This new paper was started by an enterprising printer and bookseller in the town of the name of Drakard, as 'Drakard's Stamford News,' by whose name it went on the suggestion of Mr. Blore and his party; Mr. Blore being the editor, and furnishing the leading political articles. The power and ability with which he conducted the paper soon gained for it great popularity and no inconsiderable circulation. The proprietor, however, was unfortunately a man of narrow mind, and totally incapable of appreciating the high principles advocated by Mr. Blore on political and other subjects; and a disagreement before long took place between them, which ended in Mr. Blore withdrawing his connection from the paper."

Another of the results of the election was, an inquiry into the administration of the charitable institutions of the town. It was a fact well known, that the appropriation of the funds under the influence of the dominant power had been most corrupt and dishonest, and that the poor, for whose benefit they had been instituted, had been largely defrauded of their dues. A searching investigation was therefore instituted under the management of Mr. Blore, into the state of these charities, including a well-endowed Grammar School. The result fully justified the suspicions on which the investigation was founded, and a large portion of the property, which had either been abstracted or misappropriated, was restored to the poor objects of the charities for whose benefit they had been founded. A detailed account of all these charities, with the property belonging to each, was published by Mr. Blore in an octavo volume of 360 pages, in 1813. In the short preface to this volume, he states the grounds on which he had been led to undertake the reformation of the abuses by which these institutions had been defrauded, the qualification which had peculiarly suited him for the task, and the success which had been the result. There is one feature in this preface which is of peculiar interest as regards the author, inasmuch as it expresses his feeling of the high position in which he might have been placed, had he followed the profession for which he had been educated, instead of devoting himself to studies and pursuits which had been worse than unproductive, and unsatisfactory in their consequences. It runs thus—

"An early education to the profession of the Law—the acquirements by which might perhaps have been more wisely applied to the accumulation of pecuniary profit, than to the indulgence of that particular taste in historical research to which my time has been devoted—having strongly favoured my inclination to be well informed of the general state of property, hereditary and eleemosynary, wherever I have happened to reside, had led to the collecting many valuable materials relative to the foundations of Charitable Institutions, &c., &c." * * *

Mr. Blore married for his third wife, at Stamford, Mrs. Mary Henshall. By this lady, who survived him, but is since deceased, he had one daughter. The curtain must now be drawn over the remaining part of the life of this extraordinary man. The last-named publication had scarcely been completed before he was attacked with bad health, which ended shortly in paralysis, and eventually in entire decay, both physical and intellectual, from which he never recovered. In this state he lingered until the tenth day of November, 1818, when he died in London, to which place he had been removed, in the hope that the change might be beneficial. He was buried at Paddington Church, where a stone, bearing the following inscription, was erected to his memory—"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Blore, gentleman, of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and Member of the Antiquarian Society, whose days were embittered, and whose life was shortened by intense application. He died November 10th, 1818, aged 53 years."

In form, Mr. Blore was middle-sized, well-proportioned, and with a figure that gave the impression of strength and activity. His complexion was fair, and his features regular and well formed; the general expression of his countenance was lively, and when engaged in conversation, or otherwise excited, it became extremely animated and expressive. Notwithstanding that a large portion of his time was devoted to his favourite pursuit, he was a great general reader, and as his memory was extremely retentive, his mind was stored with a large accumulation of materials upon most subjects, which was always available either for literary or conversational purposes. This, added to a great command and happy flow of language, made him both an agreeable companion in private, and a powerful advocate in public, on the few occasions when he took an active part in public affairs, and when deeply interested in the cause he was called upon to advocate. His manner was generally frank and open, and his tendency was to hospitality to the full extent of his means; but in this he never exceeded the bounds of temperance, and generally his habits were simple and frugal. The great defect in his character, and perhaps the most serious obstacle to his success in life, was a warmth of temper, which on occasions of provocation, real or imaginary, often became almost uncontrollable. He was ever grateful for kindnesses shown, and was a sincere and ardent friend, but highly sensitive to neglect, unkindness, or ingratitude, where he thought he had a claim to different treatment.

Mr. Blore's publications may be thus summed up—

1. *A History of the Manor and Manor House of South Wingfield, in Derbyshire, &c.*, 1793, pp. 102. Containing plate of Seals, engraved Genealogy of the Lords of the Manor, and four plates of Views of the Manor House. It is

prefaced by a poetical address "to Mr. Blore on his elaborate History of Wingfield," by Edward Becher Leacroft, Esq., of Wirksworth.

2. Proposals for publishing a *History of Derbyshire*.
3. A *History of Alderwasley*, in four pages folio, as a specimen of his intended *History of Derbyshire*. This is reprinted in the account of Alderwasley, in Glover's *History of Derbyshire*.
4. A *History of Bredeall Priory in the County of Derby*, 4to. Printed in the *Topographical Miscellany*, 1791.
5. A *Statement of a Correspondence with Sir Richard Phillips, respecting the Antiquary's Magazine*. 1807, 8vo., 1s.
6. *The History and Antiquities of the County of Rutland*. Vol. ii. Part 2 (all published), one volume royal folio, 1813. With many plates and Genealogical Tables.
7. A *Account of the Public Schools, Hospitals, and other Charitable Institutions in the Borough of Stamford*, 8vo., 1813.

Besides the publications above enumerated, it may be incidentally noticed, that Mr. Blore was the author of the history of the two families of Milnes and Shore, in *Beetham's Baronetage*, published in 4to., in which the pedigrees of those families, and the lives of the different members, are traced through all their ramifications with his usual care and fidelity. He was also, on all occasions, a ready contributor to all other publications which came within the range of his pursuits, whenever his assistance was solicited and he had confidence in the person by whom it was required. It may be also well to mention, that in the south aisle of Bakewell church, the inscription put up in connection with the ancient monument to Sir Godfrey Foljambe, who died in 1376, and Avena, his wife, who died in 1383, is from his pen.

Mr. Blore, it will be seen, laboured hard, but it must ever be matter of regret that his labours brought so few works to a successful termination. His *History of Derbyshire* was abandoned after immense labours had been bestowed upon it, and a large outlay made in engraving plates for its illustration; and of his *History of Rutland* only one volume (or rather part) was ever issued. Had his intellects and his life been spared a few years longer, there is little doubt the result of his very laborious career, as an antiquary, would have been manifested in other works of a much more extended character.

This memoir would be incomplete without devoting a short space to a critical examination of the *Topographical works* published by Mr. Blore, particularly the fragment of the *History of Rutland*, as this work, owing to its limited sale and high price, is but little known, and its merits accordingly but imperfectly appreciated.

The first and most leading feature of this work, is the extreme minuteness and accuracy with which the descent of property is traced, from the earliest recorded periods down to the time of publication, interspersed with biographical notices of the most distinguished owners, derived from the best and most authentic sources. To any one conversant with this subject, it must at once be evident that this department of the work must have been the result of most laborious research, careful comparison of, and selection from, conflicting and

often doubtful evidence, and a rare amount of discrimination in the use of his materials. The same observation applies to the genealogical descents of the families connected with the property there traced, which are, in many cases, where the families are of sufficient importance, continued through all their ramifications, down to the period of their present representatives. The families of Wingfield and Scrope, especially, became widely spread, and the branches were consequently settled in many and distant parts of the country. The tracing of these branches and connecting them with the main line, became therefore a work of great labor and difficulty; but notwithstanding this it was accomplished, and the result is presented in a variety of tables in the most clear and comprehensive manner. The ability with which some of the more important biographical notices were executed, should not be passed over without remark. Those of the great Lord Burghley and his son Richard, first Earl of Salisbury, are masterpieces in this department of literature, and had they been published in a more popular form, would have been justly appreciated and their merits acknowledged accordingly. The topographical and statistical details were prepared with no less care. To illustrate this, and to show how anxious Mr. Blore was to render this department as complete as possible, it is only necessary to state, that, finding how very incorrect the best map of the county was, he made a careful survey of it himself, intending to append a corrected map, as an essential illustration, to his work. For the information of those who may not have seen any of Mr. Blore's MS. collections, and who take an interest in this memoir, it may not be considered irrelevant to add, that they are generally written with an extraordinary amount of care and distinctness. It was the accurate professional handwriting of the lawyer, modified by the freedom of the master mind. Wherever the pedigrees are accompanied by heraldic illustrations, these are executed with correct mediæval character and accuracy, indeed, the whole may be considered, in their way, as a model of style.

Mr. Blore, besides his other literary qualifications, possessed in no inconsiderable degree that of poetry as well, and many effusions from his pen, possessing brilliancy of thought, and pleasantness of sentiment, have come under my observation. Some of these appeared in the *Monthly Mirror*, and others still remain unpublished. His love of satire, too, frequently showed itself in verse, and many a sting has been felt from his ready witted lines. With one of his effusions, written at a time when domestic sorrow was evidently preying on his mind, on his birthday in 1802, I shall close this notice of a man justly entitled to rank among the "worthies" of his native county.

Though sorrow fills my swelling heart,
And care sits heavy on my brow;
Yet shall I with my utmost art,
Applaud, and hail, the *instant*, now.
This day in time's extended line,
Was mark'd the era of my birth;

It was God's gracious will, *not mine*,
 That I should then first visit earth.
 What though my cup be dash'd with gall,
 Nauseous and irksome to the taste ;
 Do I not know that soon I shall
 Be from the bitter draught released ?
 Then let me welcome this glad day,
 With carol song and festive mirth ;
 Which steals from life a year away,
 And brings me near my second birth.
 The soldier placed in time of war,
 Where mines lie hid beneath his feet,
 Welcomes the coming guard afar—
 But—till relieved—dares not retreat.

Derby, June, 1862.

A SECOND "FRAGMENT" ON THE DIALECT OF THE HIGH PEAK.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD DENMAN.

FURTHER researches convince the writer, as an inquirer into the dialect of the High Peak, that he has too much restricted the meaning of some words which he partly explained in his former "Fragment." With the preliminary observation, that his spelling of provincial words was regulated solely by their sound,* in order to enable the stranger to converse with a native of the Peak, he purposes now to add some few Anglo-Saxon derivations, so as to enlarge the meaning of those syllables and words to which he then gave too confined a signification, and to add others, which he considers to be worth noting.

Tun, ton, which he conjectured to have town for its root, appears in Gibson's *Chronicon Saxonicum*, to be not only a town, but also even a farm or dwelling ; the writer, however, gives an imperfect translation from Gibson's general rules, as to the names of places, and the original Latin in a note†—" *Tun ; ton* at the end of words are to be derived from the Sax. *Tun* a hedge, wall, and in translation a town, street, village, farm, dwelling ; but this, unless I am mistaken, is from *dun*, a mountain : because towns anciently were generally built upon hills, and words which at this day end in *tun, ton*, in Saxon generally end in *dun*."

Dr. Bosworth gives a still more wide scope to *tun*. *Tun* *es m. n.* √ a plot of ground fenced round or enclosed by a hedge, hence—1. A close field ; a dwelling with the enclosed land about it. 2. A dwell-

* This is, undoubtedly, the only useful, and indeed possible way, of conveying an idea of the pronunciation of provincialisms to the uninitiated. ED. RELIQ.

† Gibson *Regulo Generales de Nominibus locorum*, page 7. *Tun, ton*, in fine nominum locorum deducenda sunt a Sax *Tun* sepes vallum, et in translatione villa vicus oppidum prædium, habitaculum, hoc autem ni fallor a *dun* mons ; quod oppida antiquitus in montibus fere sedificaverunt ; et quæ in *tun, ton*, hodie exsunt, Saxonice plerumque terminantur in *dun*.

ing-house, mansion, yard, farm ; many dwellings within the enclosure. 3. A village, town, the territory lying within the boundary of a town ; an enclosure of society. 4. A class, course, turn. 5. A small possession, a little farm, is tunicle."

Tor will be found to have no very strict definite meaning in its use in the High Peak, and the distinction High *Tor* (at Matlock), seems to allow us to suppose that there are also Low *Tors*. Hanging *Tor*, a rock of no great height exists at Eyam, and the names of *tors* in the Peak district of Derbyshire are very numerous. The writer is obliged to Mr. Mitchell, of Sheffield, for the courteous notice of his first fragment, and pursues this further inquiry at his suggestion ; he finds also in *Dr. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*—*Tor*, *torr*, *tur*, *es m.* 1st, a tower ; second, a high hill, rock, peak, *tor* ; this derivation as well as Dr. Johnson's. *Tor*, Saxon—1. A tower ; 2. A high pointed rock or hill, whence *tor* in the initial syllable of some local names, seem to strengthen Mr. Mitchell's view ; but, notwithstanding these high authorities, the common acceptance of the word in the High Peak, and the numerous rocks and hills, high and low, called *tors*, induce the writer to think he may extend very greatly the meaning of the word,

"Si velot usus

Quem penes arbitrium es et jus et norma loquendi."

The writer confined it too much in giving it only one of its meanings, "rock." Fenning says, "*Tor* in the composition of names, implies a rock or hill." Bailey only gives a kindred word, "*Torra*, old law," a mount or hill," the writer has some meadow land called *Tor Tops* above a high flat rock.

In the Peak, people almost always use the word *Tor* instead of *Rock*. Perhaps it may be fair to call them rocky hills. As an example—

Mam <i>Tor</i>	Castleton.
Burr <i>Tor</i>	Great Hucklow.
Chee <i>Tor</i>	Miller's Dale.
High <i>Tor</i>	Matlock.
Raven <i>Tor</i>	Middleton Dale.
Steeple <i>Tor</i>	Ditto.
Cat <i>Tor</i>	Matlock.

The word "*naish*," though occasionally so pronounced, was a mistake, for it is derived from *nesc*, the Saxon word tender ; and therefore *nesh* is the more correct way of spelling it.

Another word entirely escaped notice in the first Fragment, *Lowe*, this might seem a mistaken term, for it signifies a hill ; Highlowe, near Abney is one, Chelmorton Lowe, which the writer thinks he may have heard called Chelmorton Flat, is another ; and there are no less than two hundred and thirty-seven Lows enumerated in the late Mr. Bateman's *Ten Year's Diggings*. Fenning in his *Dictionary* (1761), gives *Lowe*, from the Saxon ; *bleaw* or *laiv*, Goth, signifies a hill, heap, tomb, or barrow. Gibson gives the derivation set out in the note,* and Dr. Johnson quotes and adopts this meaning. "*Lowe*.—

* *Lows*, *Loo*—"Finales syllabæ lowe loe deducuntur a Sax hlafe sea hleap, agger,

The termination of local names *Lowe loe*, comes from the Saxon *blaw*, a hill, heap, or burrow; and so the Gothic *blain* is a monument or barrow." Bailey only gives the word "*Lowe* a flame," but this is the sense in which it is used in a word common to mines, that requires explanation. It is cupola, and there are two mines of this name in Middleton Dale. Spelling by the ear, I have made another mistake, for in Mr. Richard Furness's Glossary it is given *Cupel-lowe*, "an ancient wind furnace for smelting ores." In one of his poems (not so beautiful as one upon a Robin Redbreast), we have these lines—

"As they came from the moorlands, from heath and bent,
The Jagger* and horses half frozen and spent,
His hat and their loadings all covered with snow,
"Twixt the wild mountain crags by the old cupel-lowe."†

Since last describing *Belland*, the writer has lost two young horses by that disease. Mr. Furness gives "*Belland*, small particles of lead-ore reduced into powder;" it is supposed that some such particles have run from the mines into the brook of the writer's, which is much discoloured, by washings from the mines; and the lungs and intestines of the animals, when opened, were found to be full of such particles. It is supposed that they were swallowed either in drinking from the brook, or in eating the young grass which has grown on its edges where the water had overflowed; but be that as it may, it is curious how a loss throws light on a Saxon derivation, for the poor animals become roarers to a painful degree, even in their walk, and the derivation of *Belland* in Dr. Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary* is *Bellan*, to roar.

Some verses, which amused the writer's relative, the late reverend and esteemed Dr. Hodgson,‡ when Vicar of Bakewell, may be quoted here in connection with *Belland*, and before giving another glossary—

"Goose Bright and Punch together ate,
And *Belland* was their evening chat;
When in came Marsh and punned them sore,
For billeting at Rutland's door."

<i>To pund</i> (pound)	To kick in the ribs.
<i>Billets</i>	A game that defaces.
<i>Cauk and Corve</i>	Basket-measure brought up from coal mines. Query <i>courbchen</i> , basket—German.
<i>Calc</i>	Chalk, limestone.

tumulus, acervus ut Hundeloe canum collis et collis venationibus aptus—Goth est monumentum; terra scilicet aggesta pro situ antiquo sepeliendi defunctorum corpora—compluribus hujus terminationis nominibus "hill" adjici paulatim capit, ut lingue Saxonice crevit imperitia."

* *Jager*, pursuer (German).

† The note to this, page 208, from Barclands Hall—"Cupel, a melting-pot, and lowe, a flame or blase; modern refinement has ignorantly refined the two significant terms into cupola, a word without meaning when applied to a smelting-house, and ought to be still written cupel-lowe."

‡ That late highly esteemed "ornament of the church," Dr. Hodgson, was for many years Vicar of Bakewell, and was appointed Archdeacon of Derby and Provost of Eton College. He died in 1850, universally respected and regretted. His last words were, "How beautiful!" and in answer to the inquiry, what is beautiful! he exclaimed, "The Mercy of God!"

<i>Cauk</i>	A heavy white mineral; the sulphate of barytes.
<i>Crowled</i>	A gnarled stick, besides the meaning in the first "Fragment."
<i>Clam</i>	Starve. Bailey says <i>clammy</i> , viscous!
<i>Sam up (to finish)</i>	The German word <i>nusammen</i> . Together seems to relate to a man collecting his tools after work, or to his completing his work.
<i>Gate</i>	Is said to be used as a path, perhaps this may come from <i>gangan</i> , to go—Anglo-Saxon.
<i>Throng</i>	Very busy.

Another word, which it would seem ought to be spelled channel, for a passage or doorway, is pronounced so like jannel, that one can fancy the Latin word *janua*, a door, to be its root; this is, however, fanciful.

Bailey's Dictionary, published as early as 1731, and dedicated to Frederic, Prince of Wales, professes to be an interpreter of hard words, and one omitted from the writer's last list, though much used in North Derbyshire for separating bad ore, by shaking and washing it, is described by him to *Buddle*, among miners to wash and cleanse lapis calaminaris (zinc). Mr. Furness, however, gives a more homely description of the substantive—*Buddle* or *Puddle*—a place used for the washing of ore.

Some few dates and proper names are also interesting, Edward the Elder, who began his reign on the death of his father, Alfred the Great, in 901, and who became master of Mercia on the death of Ethelfleda, the Lady of Mercia, in 920, built in 924, one year before his death, the Town and Castle of Bakewell, and it is thus recorded—"Perrexit inde in Peaclond ad Badecanwyllam et jussit exedificari urbem in ejus viciniâ et præsidio firmari."

Above 900 years later, a railway station at the back of the old castle's site has been built, and we all hope to witness increasing prosperity in the capital of the High Peak. Castle Hill, the modern residence belonging to the Duke of Rutland, shows all the comfort, and his respected agent all the hospitality, of modern times, and probably Castle Hill is as useful in its day as ever the strong old castle was in the days of chivalry. Its noble owner has provided a Chaplain for the men working on the railway, and besides, gives them the use of the Town Hall for their lectures and studious recreations. They will leave the town with grateful feelings, and implore a blessing not only on their own works, but also on their benefactors and the neighbourhood. May they and all of us meet in a world of happiness, and not forfeit the mercy of our Redeemer.

Stoney Middleton.

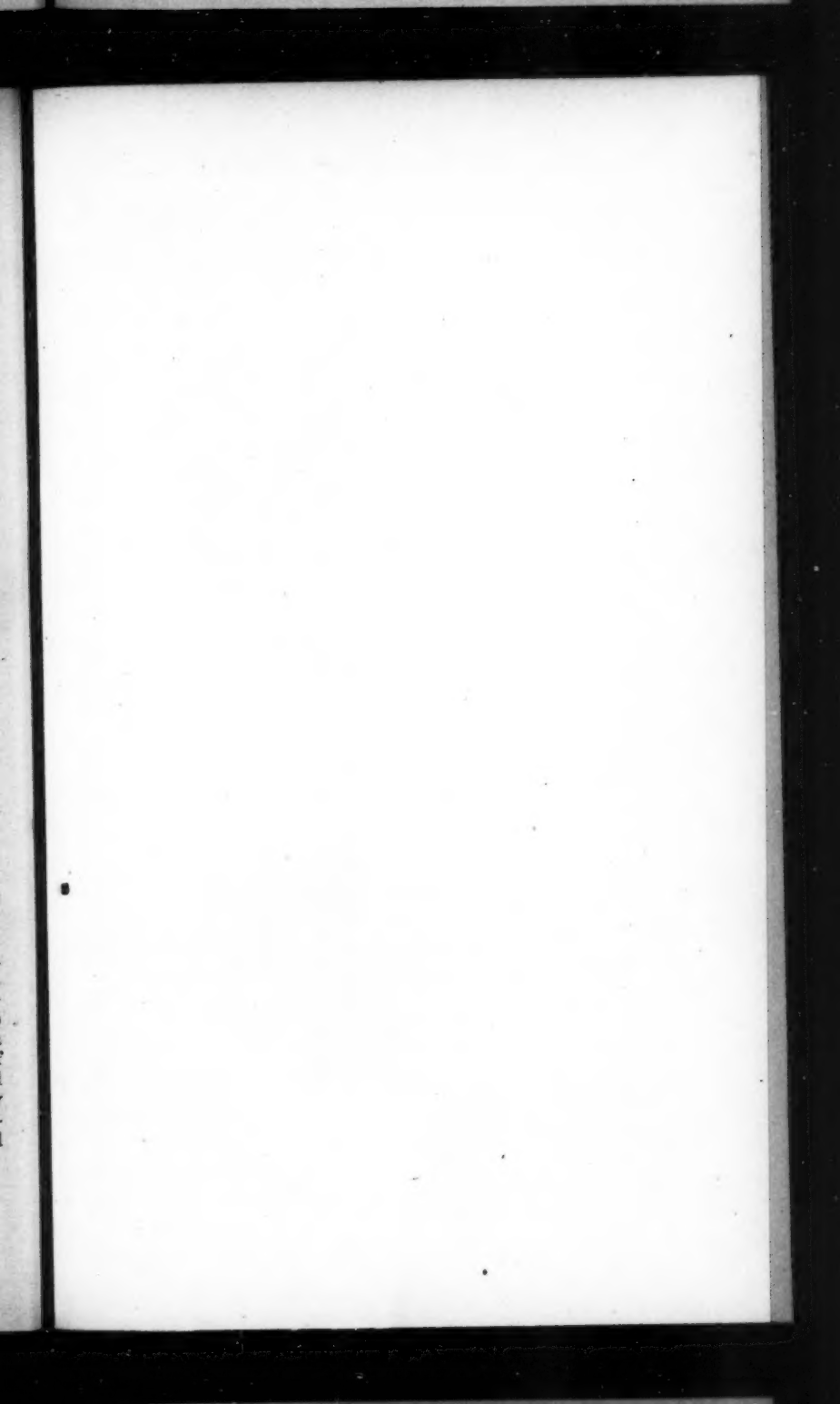


PLATE I.



SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.



CHANTREY AND NORTON.

BY JOHN HOLLAND, ESQ.

Author of "The Life of Montgomery;" "Memorials of Chantrey;" "Tour of the Don;"
etc. etc. etc.

"Come with me, Margaret! let us climb again
You hill, as erst that summer afternoon,
When we at Norton linger'd, till the moon
Her crescent hid; and field and bowery lane
Grew dark, while we did Chantrey's tale recall—
Musing beside his birth-place, school-house, tomb;
Gathering the linden's sweet and curious bloom;
Forgetful of thy haunted glen, Lees Hall!
Through which we hasted homeward—praising still
Our sweet enjoyment of that pleasant hill—
Nor least, the vicar's garden—the fair Park—
Our joyous, social tea at Mag-o'-th'-Hay—
And our resolve, some future, favouring day
The ramble to repeat: thus scheme we in the dark!"

ANON.

I quote the foregoing sonnet as a motto for this paper, because it seems to present a poetical prelibation of what follows. For whatever response the lady named might make to an invocation so flattering, I find myself unwilling to say "No," to a similar challenge from the Editor of the "RELICUARY:" I only wish he and his readers may have no cause to regret their companionship with me in the ramble predicated between the poet and his fair friend.

The Life of the late Sir Francis Chantrey has yet to be written—and who shall undertake it? Not Allan Cunningham. "Honest Allan!" I have, at this moment very vivid in my memory, his person, as he appeared during his daily avocations in that marvellous "chamber of imagery" in Pimlico, where I saw him and his master together, so many years ago—how unlike—and yet, how like! The former, a tall, pale, intellectual-looking Scotchman: the latter, short, florid, and reminding one not a little of an Old English Squire. Both, lovers of art; and mutually—and laudably—attentive to the collateral duties

of modelling clay, purchasing and carving marble, or casting in bronze, and seeing that the results of all these departments were duly chronicled in the ledger and the banker's books. I do not know that Cunningham was ever at Norton, but he visited Haddon Hall; and who that ever read, can forget the pretty romance of Dame Dorothy Vernon, the scene of which is laid there—as embodied in one of his “Twelve Tales of Lyddelcrosse,” originally published in the *London Magazine*? He soon followed his distinguished master to the grave: but had he been spared, such a work—if we may believe a writer in the *Times*, would never have proceeded from his pen, wielded as it was by a gifted and “ready writer”—and, as we might have hoped in this case, by a grateful friend. And we have no history of Norton—but many persons have been looking for it in my friend Mr. Samuel Mitchell's *Topography of North Derbyshire*, a work, the publication of which seems likely to be postponed *ad Kalendas Græcas*—the more the pity! Meanwhile, the name of the man and of the village, at the head of this article—Chantrey and Norton—are inseparably associated; and it is in such relation that the reader of the “RELIQUARY” is invited for a few moments to regard them.

I need hardly say, that my interest in the subject, as thus viewed, was exhibited in a volume published in 1851, entitled, “*Chantrey in Hallamshire*.” The *Times*, speaking of this work, says—

“One chapter in Chantrey's life may be pronounced finished in the volume at our side, but only one. Nothing more is to be said of Chantrey's career up to the moment of his settling in London, and making his great successful start, than Mr. Holland has supplied. The history of Chantrey in the country and struggling for his position is complete. His further history in the metropolis, and with that position well secured, has yet to be told. For such concluding chapters there must surely exist good available materials. A few months before his death, Chantrey placed in the hands of Allan Cunningham all the letters he had preserved of that old and faithful fellow-labourer and serviceable ally, with the remark, that “they might be useful to him hereafter,” language which Cunningham had reason to interpret into a request that at the fitting time he should write his friend's life. Allan Cunningham, it is well known, survived his patron only a very few months, but had he lived, no memoir of Chantrey would have appeared from his hand. “Honest Allan,” according to his own account, knew too much to become Chantrey's biographer. He had lived for many years with the sculptor in the closest intimacy, and from his pen, he feared, the public would probably look for more than he had the consent of his own heart to give. Public duty clashed with private affection, and the poet held his peace. But the letters above spoken of, and other memoranda are not lost, and since the considerations that influenced the determination of Allan Cunningham can have no weight with his survivors, we trust that an opportunity will speedily be taken to finish a labour which Mr. Holland has certainly most conscientiously and industriously commenced.”

FROM SHEFFIELD TO NORTON.—This is rather a long walk—but a very pleasant—and with a little aid by “bus”—a very practicable one. Let us imagine ourselves, after a mile's ride from the great, busy, smoky capital of Cutlerdom, dismounted from the vehicle at Heeley—a few steps takes us across the Meersbrook—as the boundary stream is called, and we are in Derbyshire, and in the parish of Norton. Immediately at our right hand is the large, ruddy brick house, named from the ample rivulet just mentioned, and long occupied by some of the members of the family of Shore. After climbing a short, but steep hill, we come to Norton Lees, remarkable for a fine avenue of sycamores, but more, for an admired specimen of a timbered house of the sixteenth century, formerly the residence of a member of the ancient

family of Blythe, from which sprung two Bishops, viz.—John, of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, of Lichfield and Coventry; and whose relation to Norton is indicated by curious alabaster monuments in the church. Across an upland field or two, and we occupy a position from which, on looking back, the greater part of the town of Sheffield is seen; with its tall chimnies, more numerous than the minarets of a moslem city, and surrounded by its beautiful belt of villa residences; and beyond these, the woods overhanging the river Don, in the direction of Wharcliffe; and at a short distance thence, the conspicuous tree-crowned hill of Wincobank. To the west, the view, including Banner Cross, Beauchief, and other scenes of interest, is terminated by the elevated purple moors, from whence come the breezes of health, and “The storms of all sorts, that are brew’d in the West.” A few hundred yards more and we are in the village.

NORTON—is in every respect, a pleasant place: quiet, clean, genteel, tree-embowered and snug. There are three principal residences—First, the Hall, a good and convenient house, but so plain in style, that Chantrey compared it to “a packing box with windows in!” It was built, and long occupied by Samuel Shore, Esq.; some years ago, it passed out of the hands of the family, and was tenanted by James Yates, Esq., now of Lauderdale House, Highgate, a gentleman well known in scientific circles; especially as an intelligent and untiring advocate for the introduction of the “decimal system” of weights, measures, and money into this country. I recall with pleasure his urbane, hospitable, and intellectual intercourse with his neighbours of all classes; a pleasing instance of which, enjoyed in company with my late friend, James Montgomery, is recorded in the Memoirs of that Poet. The present worthy occupant of the Hall, is Mr. Charles Cammell, one of the most considerable and opulent of the iron-workers in the neighbouring town. Adjacent to the Hall is a pleasant park. Second—Norton House, is a substantial sixteenth century stone building, of plain architecture, embosomed in trees; Mr. T. B. Holy is the present occupant. About a century since, it was the residence of “Squire Newton,” a singular character, and the hero of that strange tale told under the title of “St. Lawrence,” in Mr. “Tremaine” Ward’s *Illustrations of Human Life*. The ghost story, which forms the most remarkable feature of the narrative, is disproved, if not ignored, by Mr. Hunter, who in a little book called “The Offleys of Norton,” has shown the substantial accuracy of the novelist’s extraordinary relation. Third—The Oaks, the pleasant residence for many years, of the family of Bagshaw, connected, I believe, with that of the “Apostle of the Peak.” Fourth—There is in the village a well-known public-house, called “Mag-o’-th-hay,” i. e. the Magpie-on-the-hayrick: the pleasant style in which parties from Sheffield are accommodated with tea, and the nice bowling-green, with its weekly parties, are sources of grateful reminiscence with holiday visitors, old and young.

THE CHURCH is a plain, low, unpretending structure, with a square tower at the west end. I am no adept at discriminating the different architectural styles; and will therefore even avoid the pretence of exact description. I must not however, omit to mention, that the

churchyard is planted with a row of fine lime-trees: and within it stands a yew, that for size and apparent age, rivals the venerable and far-famed specimen in Darley Dale.

THE CHURCHYARD—And here—whatever I may say, or think of the living—I have a special interest in the dead! But as this is a May morning, and I am in a sentimental mood, and the Editor of the “RELICUARY” disposed to be indulgent, I will give “The reason why” in verse—

“Through that stain’d window, while the sun’s warm look
Ting’d with bright lines, pew, pulpit, tablet, shrine;
Fell there not on the ‘volume of the Book,’
A brighter ray! an influence more divine?
When in past years, bent the ‘Good Shepherd’s’ crook,
O’er those who heavenward felt their hearts incline—
When, in this ancient, consecrated place,
Worshipp’d the worthy elders of my race!
That race has pass’d from Norton: yet their dust,
And memories, bid me fondly linger here;
That man is surely to himself unjust,
Who at his kindred, in their graves can sneer:
Say, ‘tis fallacious—still I fain would trust,
That some May-morning of some future year,
Will see the pensive pilgrim stoop to trace
The fading name o’er my last resting-place.”

In plain prose—when Anthony Babington, of Dethick, was meditating that treason against Queen Elizabeth, which ultimately cost him and his complotters their heads, he sold a piece of land at the Herdings, near Norton, to “Sir Robert Holland,” at that time vicar of Sheffield, and who little suspected the use to be made of his money. This worthy clergyman died in the old parsonage house at Sheffield, August 24, 1597, leaving a widow and several children: and, curiously enough, his gravestone may still be seen opposite the parish church clock. That one of his sons settled at Norton, and that I am descended from him, are convictions not perhaps quite uninfluenced by the *quod volumus facile credimus*. Be that as it may, I am tempted in the spirit of Wolsey’s *Ego et Rex meus*, to say that—I and Chantrey—are now only, and alike related to the locality

“By stone memorials, and some kindred dust.”

CHANTREY’S BIRTH PLACE.—But we must pass on to a spot which, the stranger at a distance, or to the Norton visitor, is more attractive than Hall, or Park, Church, or lime-trees—the humble cottage at Jordanthorpe, where England’s greatest sculptor first saw the light, on the 7th of April, 1781. It is only across a few fields beyond the village, very pleasantly situated; but owing to modern alterations, is most unpicturesque as a building. The cut which heads this article represents the cottage as it *was* in 1823: it is from a drawing by Miss Shore, who with a laudable foresight of the interest of the subject to after generations, executed this memorial.* I must now quote from my own book—

* It may be well just to point out that the chamber-window—the only one shown in the engraving—is the window of the very room in which the great Sculptor was born. [ED. RELIQ.]

Chantrey's grandfather, of both his names, lived on the farm at Jordanthorpe, as tenant to the Offeys of Norton; and there he died, Oct. 25, 1766, at the age of 66. Concerning him even local tradition is silent: nor have I been able to learn where he came from, or who he married. His "great chair"—if we may trust the catalogue—was one of the curiosities in an exhibition held in the Music Hall, Sheffield, 1840, for the "Mechanics' Institution," on which occasion it so happened, that Sir Francis himself complimented the managers by a visit to the rooms. In the cultivation of the farm at Jordanthorpe, consisting of forty-five acres, the first Norton Chantrey was succeeded by his son Francis, who was also brought up a carpenter, his workshop in later years being the old priest's house in the "Chantry Croft," whence probably arose the speculations on the local origin of the family name. He married, in 1760, Sarah, one of the four daughters of Martin Leggett, of Okeover, Staffordshire, a man of some property, who died in the house of his son-in-law, and lies buried in Norton Churchyard. She had been living as housekeeper with Robert Newton, Esq., of Norton House, the gentleman who figures so conspicuously and benevolently in Mr. Ward's "owre true" tale. His brother George, described as a maker of "sheep-shears," was, I suspect, the person alluded to, as having impoverished the family. There is an elder personage of the name, who has a traditional celebrity of another kind: he was huntsman to the Offeys, and, as I learn from a note in the handwriting of the late Samuel Shore, Esq., their representative, was remarkable for the stentorian power of his voice—being able, it is said, to make himself heard from Norton Hall to Coal-Aston, a distance of a mile at least! Francis—father of the sculptor, upon whose "depression of spirits," as arising from the departure of ancestral property, so much stress has been laid, is described to me in very different terms by several persons who knew him well. He was, indeed, regarded as no ordinary man in his own sphere of life. He sung a song, told a tale, or bandied a joke but too cleverly for his own welfare. The public-house was not far off; and still nearer was the hospitable residence of "Squire Newton," among whose eccentricities was a too frequent preference of the hilarious frankness of persons in a grade of life below his own, to the more formal intercourse of the neighbouring gentry. With him "Frank Chantrey" was a great favourite. He died on the 21st March, 1793, at the age of forty-five, leaving a widow and one son, twelve years of age.

Our Francis Chantrey—the third and last of the name at Norton—was born at Jordanthorpe, in the southern precinct of that pleasant village, "on the 7th of April, 1781, about seven in the morning," says his mother, in a memorandum before me; and he was baptized at the Parish Church on the 27th of May following."

In the foregoing passage of the *Memorials*, I have given the best information I could obtain of the sculptor's pedigree: but I afterwards received from my kind friend, the late Joseph Hunter, F.A.S., a few items of additional information on that head, of which I think the "RELIQUARY" is the fit, permanent receptacle. After alluding to the work in terms more complimentary than it would become me to repeat, he says, "I can give you a better possible ancestor for Chantrey than some of those you have named. There was a Francis Chantrey born about 1630—1640 (at least his wife was born in 1638), who lived at Hundale, in the parish of Dronfield. He married Anne Stephenson, of Unstone, in the same parish, gentlewoman. She was very well connected. I know not what children there may have been of the marriage—or whether any. The name *Francis* seems to point to a connection with the Jordanthorpe Chantreys. I find Francis the first of Jordanthorpe, mentioned once or twice in Mr. Newton's *Letters to my Grandfather*, 1750—1760."

THE NORTON SCHOOL-BOY.—Of Chantrey's early education, the less said the better, as to the amount of it. He learnt his letters at home,

* There is still (May, 1850), in Norton Hall, a full-length portrait of this stalwart retainer; he is good-looking, with black bushy hair, a large hat, and bands like a clergyman: in one hand he holds a long staff, and with the other caresses a couple of hounds. Beside him stands a squab, dwarf-looking fellow, with a hare on a stick over his shoulder: he is said to have been a satellite of the huntsman. In the back-ground is a view of old Norton Hall.

and as much more as a "spoiled child" might be expected to acquire before the age of six, with "Dame Rose:" and he was then transferred to "The School," conducted by Thomas Fox. I have seen the register-book of this worthy pedagogue, from which it appears that Francis Chantrey began to learn to *Read* with him, April 16, 1787; to *Write*, in January, 1788; and *Accounts*, in October, 1792. After several weekly, and even monthly intervals of non-attendance, during which he was no doubt usefully occupied at home, his place in the list of scholars is, on the 3rd July, 1797, filled up with the name of another boy. The little lane-side school, "rebuilt and enlarged in 1787," as we are informed by a tablet over the door, and to which Chantrey was sent, remains unchanged in its exterior: the writing-desks, made by his father, occupying their wonted places within—and

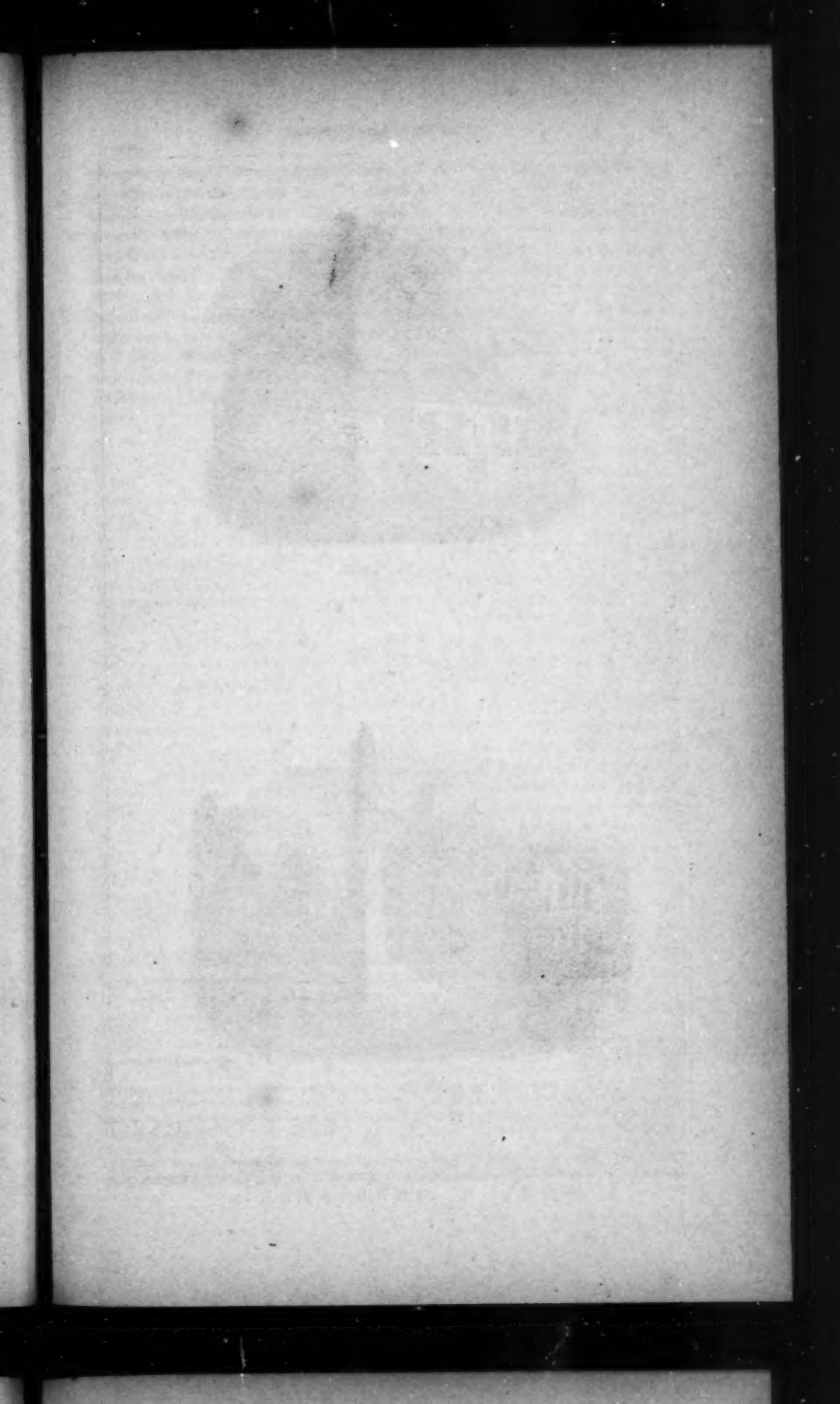
"The bench on which he sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed."

His somewhat irregular attendance at the village school, is perfectly compatible with many boyish employments in the fields or the byre at Jordanthorpe; and, for awhile, he certainly drove an ass daily, with milk-barrels, between Norton and Sheffield. This circumstance in his early history, has been made the subject of a sweet little picture, by H. P. Parker, coloured prints after which are common in Sheffield, under the title of "Milk Boys." Pretty as the scene looks in the painter's treatment of it—and pleasant as the Norton lanes are in reality, it was well the ingenuous boy was so soon rescued from a calling so very unfavourable to morals, manners, and intelligence. Some attempts have been made to cast a doubt on the reality of that phase in the experience of the Norton boy which is illustrated by the engraving; but the general accuracy of the tradition is indisputable, and an amusing corroboration of it was given to me the other morning.* "I well remember," said the villager, evidently proud of his schoolfellow's ultimate reputation, "that one day when Chantrey returned from Sheffield on his ass, the space on the pack-saddle between the barrels filled with a basket containing 'groceries' for his mother, that he rode the beast to a pond to drink. The warmth of the day and sight of the water, appear to have been more suggestive to the donkey than to his rider—at all events, the former walked straight to the middle of the pool, lay down, and did the best he could to roll over! The lad dismounted before the crisis; but the sugar, tea, &c., were spilt in

* In connection with this interesting part of Chantrey's early history, I quote the following account of "Sheffield Milk Lads," by my late revered father, Mr. Arthur Jewitt, the author of the *History of Buxton*, *History of Lincoln*, and many other topographical works, which will be read with pleasure. It appeared in the "*Northern Star, or Yorkshire Magazine*"—a topographical and antiquarian magazine of sterling merit, of which he was proprietor and editor—in November, 1817, at the time when Chantrey (with whom my father was acquainted), was fast rising into that high zenith of fame in which he soon outstripped his fellow-artists. The little vignette of the "Milk Lads," which I also give, is adapted from a plate by my brother, which accompanied the article. [ED. RELIQUARY.]

The following is the quotation—

"Among the most singular of Yorkshire Costumes may be ranked that of the Milk-Lads, to whom Sheffield is indebted for a supply of that fluid which forms a great part





THE SCHOOL.



CHANTRY OBELISK.

NORTON, DERBYSHIRE.

the pond : and," said my informant, "I think I see young Chantrey at this moment, trying to get them out with a hay-rake!" The school, as it was in Chantrey's youth, and as it appears still, is represented in the annexed cut. It stands in the lane between the village and Jordanthorpe : and although the plainest of plain buildings, cannot but be regarded with interest, not only as the *alma mater* of the great artist, but as an object of his grateful posthumous benefaction. On peeping into this busy, buzzing, hive of rosy faced Norton lads and lasses, one can hardly help the tacit indulgence of the idle question—will any one of these youngsters achieve a distinction rivalling that of the illustrious pre-occupant of a place on those rough and battered benches? The school remains exactly as it was when the boy "Frank Chantrey" sat on one of its rough forms. It is, as I have said, a plain stone building, situate outside the village, by the lane leading to Hazlebarrow and Coal Aston. When I called there the other morning, I found the son and successor of "Old Fox" Chantrey's schoolmaster, seated at the desk, under the roof where he had found himself almost every week-day for sixty-six years! He well remembered Chantrey, as a "bright" schoolfellow—heard of his reputation as an artist—saw him on his visits to Norton—helped to carry him to his grave—but never went to London either to see the great sculptor's gallery, where he would have been "so welcome"—nor to the "Great Exhibition" of 1851, whither "every one else went!" A loose story has floated in village tradition, to which H. P. Parker has given substantiality by a pretty painting—to the effect that the milk-boy was one day overtaken in the lane, carving with his penknife something on the end of a stick, which, said he, "is the head of Old Fox!" The worthy pedagogue



of the nourishment of the younger branches of every family. From the distance of three to seven or eight miles around the town, the land is let off in dairy farms, the produce of which is, twice a day during the Summer, and once a day in Winter, brought to the town in barrels, by *Mules* or *Galloways* (*Asses* or *Ponies*), and sold from house to house, or delivered by a whole load to some person appointed to retail it to weekly customers. The price in Summer is generally *Two pence halfpenny* per Quart, in Winter *Three pence*.

"These *Asses* or *Ponies* are generally conducted by boys, who, sitting sometimes aside, sometimes astride, on the rump of the animals, impel them forward by an

thus distinguished—whether gratefully, or roguishly, does not appear—lived in the cottage, still occupied by his son abovementioned, and over which rise a couple of the finest sycamores in the county, a splendid tree of the same species overtopping the school itself, as shown in the engraving. Indeed, the *arboriferous* aspect of Norton at this sweet season is delightful: and it was not less so in that sweet summer month to which I must only obscurely allude, which the *young artist* enjoyed in companionship with a lovely maiden whose image once occupied the whole of his heart, though her name has never been mentioned in his history—much less her likeness modelled by his hand!

CHANTREY AT SHEFFIELD.—

“Sir Joshua’s name must now no more be heard;
Nor Gainsborough’s sweet simplicity revered;
Plain Gainsborough! quite content with Nature’s looks,
Drew Nature’s self, nor sought her charms through books:
Sir Joshua gave us dignity and ease;
And Opie’s incidents must ever please:
Lawrence, and Hoppner, West, and fifty more,
Are doom’d, alas! too seek oblivion’s shore;
Since all the elements have made a push,
And placed in”—

Chantrey’s? No; but in another Sheffield hand, “the immortal brush!” These are our sculptor’s own rhymes on the merits of a brother artist—and how funnily do they read at this distant period: whether or not

“The Sheffield Brush, a townsman too well known,
Fancy’s prime favourite son, Genius thy own;
Just bright emerging from the dust and smoke,
(Deserved to) shine a Diamond or—a coke,”

incessant application of their whips, and galloping in a gang of sometimes a score together, endanger every passenger on the road, and convert a great part of their milk into butter before they reach the town.

“It often affords a ludicrous scene, when one of the asses almost as obstinate as its rider, ventures to dispute his authority, and refuses to go forward; the boy whips with all his might, utters the most unheard of imprecations, kicks the animal with his heels, and spares no effort to obtain the mastery; the ass meanwhile fixing itself on its fore legs, tosses its hinder hoofs aloft, in hopes to dismount its tyrant (who remains as firmly seated, as if he was in body as well as in mind, a part of the beast he rides), then opening his mouth, gives out that sound which *Æsop* tells us once made a lion tremble, begins to run forward, kicking and braying at intervals, but all in vain, the boy keeps his seat, and the untired whip continues its unceasing motion.

“The rudeness of these boys, and their reiterated insults to travellers of all descriptions, two years ago, induced the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to apply to Parliament for an Act for their future regulation; and it is now enacted, that they shall not under the pain of a heavy penalty, gallop along the road, or behave in any indecorous manner; and in order the better to enforce this regulation, every milk-seller is compelled to have his name painted on the packsaddle, which supports his barrels.

“Numbers of these boys come from Norton, Dronfield, and other villages, on the Derbyshire side of the town; the principal dependence of the Farmers in that neighbourhood being on the milk and butter produce.

“Early habits, it is said, are hard to be removed, yet many of these *Milk Lads*, though in their younger years belonging to a fraternity proverbially wicked and incorrigible, have not only become good men, but in some instances shining characters; of this the following is a striking example—

“Mr. Chantrey, the celebrated Sculptor, whose works are valued above those of any other living Artist, is a native of Norton, and for some years in the early part of his life was a resident in Sheffield. Here he formed some respectable connexions, and in this neighbourhood has many friends. When a confidential friend who was taking a journey into Yorkshire a little while ago, called upon Mr. Chantrey for any letters or

Is not for me to say: assuredly he might have deserved either for any thing his rival would have cared a few years afterwards. A small amount of truth, with a large admixture of fable, has been promulgated concerning the origin and earliest manifestation of Chantrey's taste for, or in the direction of that art in which he ultimately attained so much distinction. What is known on the subject is stated in the *Memorials*: suffice it here to say, that his first introduction to a sphere of information and experience so happily suited to his genius at the moment, was his apprenticeship to Ramsay, the carver and gilder. In his shop, the ingenious youth not only saw much that was adapted to his mind, but there he made his first experiment at casting a head in plaster: in an adjacent street, he painted those portraits, seventy-two in number, the very existence of which, was alike unknown and unsuspected by his metropolitan friends and compeers in art: and in that same good old town of Sheffield, did the future "Phidias of England" first lift chisel upon marble, in the execution of the bust of the deceased vicar, the Rev. J. Wilkinson; and proud are we of that original work! "Were I," said Montgomery, in a public speech, "a rich man, who could purchase the costly labours of such a master, I almost think that I could forego the pride of possessing the most successful effort of Chantrey's later hand, for the nobler pleasure of calling my own the previous bust in yonder church."

CHANTREY AS A SCULPTOR.—This is not the place to discuss and determine Chantrey's position in that department of art to which his life was so long, so earnestly, and so successfully devoted; nor does the present writer lay any claim to the experience or the ability requisite for such a task. Three things may be safely said; in the first

remembrances he might wish to present to his acquaintances in Sheffield or its neighbourhood, that gentleman at parting thus addressed him, 'You are going in the Coach; you will reach Sheffield in the evening, for all the coaches arrive there about that time. A few miles on this side the town, you will pass a number of asses carrying milk in barrels, with boys sitting on their croups behind the saddles, and merrily jogging along the road; think then of your friend, *I was a milk-lad*, and travelled in the same manner, and along the same road from my native village, morning and evening to Sheffield with milk.'

"Who, on seeing the simple milk-lad seated on the rump of his ass, would have anticipated that he would one day be honoured as the first Artist in Europe, and styled F. L.* Chantrey, Esq., A. R. A.?"

"The last work of this once lowly milk-lad, the monument of two children to be placed in the Cathedral at Lichfield, and which was this year exhibited at the Royal Academy, has given rise to the following complimentary lines—

'Yes, lovely Innocents, though o'er the bier
Your parents dropp'd the unavailing tear,
Time's soothing hand may cause those tears to cease,
And Hope's bright dream may satisfy their peace.
But if to marble it were ever given,
To imitate the purest work of Heaven;
If marble ever spoke to soul and eye,
From gazers drew the tear and heaving sigh;
CHANTREY, the meed is thine: in future age,
From maiden innocence to hoary sage,
All will attest the wonder-working power,
That throws such charms round Death's eventful hour.'"

[* The L. here used, stands for Leggitt, his mother's maiden name, which he himself sometimes used, as believing himself entitled to it; but the entry in the Baptismal Register at Norton is simply "Francis Chantrey." J. H.]

place, his supremacy in portrait and monumental sculpture was all but universally acknowledged during his lifetime; secondly, I am not aware that time, prejudice, or change of taste, has led to a depreciated estimate of any one of his principal works; and lastly, his feeling as an artist—like that of the man—was thoroughly English. Perhaps he lacked the classical knowledge which might have led him to emulate—or at least, imitate—ancient models, the merits of which he fully appreciated: if that were the ground of his own, healthy, hearty, manly style, it was well. For in no direction does the modern master of the chisel so often miss his way in marble, as in the exquisite embodiment of effete or unmeaning polytheistical ideas, whatever their æsthetic relations to gilding, polychrome, or parian purity. Chantrey's claim to the origination of the design of that far-famed monument of "The Sleeping Children," in Lichfield Cathedral, has often been discussed, and sometimes denied. I have no doubt whatever of the validity of his title to the primary conception, without either denying the merit of Stothard's elaborate sketch, or Cunningham's happy suggestion of the marble snowdrops. But, as I have said, this is not the place to discuss the merits of the sculptor—though it may be to record that Norton is justly proud of the artist, who, among the triumphs of his genius, had the unprecedented distinction of modelling "from the life," four successive occupants of the British throne.

OCCASIONAL VISITS TO NORTON. Chantrey's attachment to his native Derbyshire, has been illustrated by several anecdotes: it was, in fact, intense and life-long. He loved to fish in its streams, shoot on its moors, geologise among its rocks, and make sketches of its scenery. His mother was spared to witness the distinction achieved and enjoyed by her son; and while she lived, his visits to Norton were divided between her cottage, made as comfortable as his wealth could make it, and Norton House, long the hospitable residence of his early friend, John Read, Esq. Chantrey often said that, if he had his choice, he should prefer a grave in the quiet churchyard at Norton, to one in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey; and this feeling was encouraged by his old friend, Mr. Read, who often pressed him to fix upon a spot, and make a vault. On one occasion—as the Rev. W. Pearson told me—when he and Chantrey were examining the burial-ground with reference to this design, the grave-digger, with his mattock on his shoulder, approached them. The Sculptor said, "I am looking out a place for a grave, but I do not mean you to dig it." "I hope I shall," replied the functionary with great simplicity! And so it happened. Chantrey died suddenly at his house in London, November 25, 1841, aged sixty. He left a will, in which he provides that the whole of his fortune, said to be about £90,000, should, after the death of his widow, who is still living, become the property of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of purchasing works of art.

"One or two minor bequests," said the *Times*, "are of a curious nature. As a mark of his regard for the long services of his old lieutenant, Allan Cunningham, Chantrey stipulated in his will that the latter should be entitled to receive a legacy of £2000 upon his superintending the completion of the Wellington statue. Allan attended to the important work up to the day of his death, but he died before the statue was completed, and—whatever may have been the intentions of the testator—his

family lost the money. Another bequest was a gift of £50 per annum, "to be paid to a schoolmaster, under the direction of the vicar or resident clergyman, to instruct 10 poor boys of the parish of Norton without expense to their parents;" but the condition of the legacy was the perpetuation of the donor's tomb. Mr. Holland gives no explanation of this somewhat unusual proviso; but it is worth recording nevertheless. Many years before his decease, Chantrey attended at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with a friend, the funeral of Scott, who was shot in the duel with Christie. The graveyard was strewn with human bones, and the gravedigger was adding indiscriminately and irreverently to the heaps. Chantrey inquired of the sexton what eventually became of those last remains of mortality. The sexton replied with a smile, that when they grew too plentiful they were carted off in loads to the Thames. The friend described the effect of this answer upon the frame of Chantrey as painful in the extreme. His cheeks grew sickly white and perspiration poured down them. At the moment he looked himself a corpse newly risen from the grave before him. "I will take care," he said with a shudder, "that they do not cart my bones to the Thames. They shall be undisturbed under my native sod." And, accordingly, there are five pounds per annum for 10 poor boys of the village of Norton, so long as they will remember industriously to pluck the weeds and to remove the nettles that deface the gravestone of Francis Chantrey."

CHANTREY MONUMENTS AT NORTON.—I can never forget the appearance of Norton churchyard, on that drizzling, cold January day, when he, who had formerly left the village a penniless and a patronless boy, was now deposited with so much becoming funeral pomp among his humble ancestors in their common *natale solum*. At my suggestion, Mr. H. P. Parker painted a picture of the burial scene, with its adjuncts, the church, the hall, the trees, and the spectators: it was exhibited in London, in the course of the following year. The grave is of ample size, most firmly built about with heavy masonry, and covered with a ponderous slab of gritstone, measuring 18 feet by 8 feet, ten inches in thickness, and now enclosed by iron railing. This stone, otherwise quite plain, bears the following inscription—

M.

FRANCIS CHANTREY,
DIED MDCCLXVI. AGED LVI.

FRANCIS CHANTREY,
DIED MDCXCIII. AGED XXXV.

SARAH, HIS WIFE,
DIED MVCCCXXVI. AGED LXXXI.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY,
SCULPTOR,
R. A. — F. R. S.
BORN IN THIS PARISH
VII. APRIL,
MDCCLXXXI.
DIED IN LONDON
NOV. XXV.
MVCCCXXXXI.

In addition to the tomb prepared by Sir Francis himself in the churchyard at Norton, and in which, as already described, his mortal remains are deposited, a small neat marble tablet has been placed inside the chancel: it bears no ornament, with the exception of a medallion likeness, carved by Mr. Heffernan, in the centre of the cornice, and is thus inscribed—

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R. A.

SCULPTOR,

H.D.C.L.—F.R.S.—M.A.

Born Apl. vii. MDCLXXXI. Died Nov. xxv. MDCCCXLI.

Many persons anticipated the erection of a more sumptuous monument in this spot—or at least the placing of a marble bust: neither would have been quite compatible with the known taste of the Sculptor.* To these local memorials was added, a few years since, by means of a public subscription, laudably promoted by the Rev. H. Pearson, the vicar, a handsome granite obelisk, of the form shewn in the annexed engraving.† It is erected on "the green," nearly opposite the Parsonage, and forms at once a striking object in itself; an appropriate memorial of "CHANTREY" whose name it bears; and a feature that combines harmoniously with those of the scene immediately surrounding it.

Sheffield.

* Perhaps, amongst all the memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey which have been executed, the best as a work of art, and the most fitting and appropriate in every way—because it is one which can find a place in the cabinets of his friends and admirers—is the medal prepared and struck to his memory by the Art Union of London. Of this medal, by the kind courtesy of the Council of that body, I am enabled to give the accompanying beautiful representation on Plate I. The medal, which is by William Wyon, R.A., and is one of his most successful works, bears on the obverse an admirable profile of Chantrey, with the words—"CHANTREY SCULPTOR ET ARTIUM FAUTOR;" and on the reverse a representation of his magnificent monument of James Watt, with the words—"WATT: FRANCIS CHANTREY, OPUS." As a perfect portrait of the great Sculptor, this medal is undoubtedly the most successful, and the most reliable of any which have been prepared, and it is therefore with peculiar pleasure that I find myself able to add it to the present paper. [ED. RELIQ.]

† The obelisk shown in the engraving, is twenty-two feet in height, consisting of one block, three feet square at its base; its weight is nine tons, exclusive of the foundation. The material is grey granite, "fine axed," from the quarries of Mr. G. Tregelles, Cheesewring, Cornwall. The design is by Mr. Philip Hardwick, R.A., and is one of characteristic simplicity; the only inscription it bears is the single word, "CHANTREY." The obelisk was erected under the superintendence of Mr. Edwin Smith, of the Sheffield Marble Works. The object of this Memorial was to mark the place of Chantrey's birth; and, it was well observed at the time, that "the inhabitants of Norton and the friends of Sir Francis Chantrey, consider that they could not do less than raise this modest memorial to a man who elevated himself from the condition of a milk-boy to wealth and fame, and who has left the whole of his large property as a legacy to his country."

WELL DRESSING AT TISSINGTON.

BY ANNA MARY HOWITT WATTS.

Most people living in the Midland Counties have heard of the "Dressing" of the Holy Wells at Tissington. The fame of this pretty village, with its fine wells and ancient festival, has, through the writings of Hone, extended also beyond its provincial locality, and has stimulated the curiosity of many a mind alive to the poetry of village festivals and antique association.

Tissington might be taken as a perfect type of a thorough old English village; a village which Washington Irving would have loved to describe, and which at every turn reminds you of Birkett Foster's clever woodcuts illustrative of rural England. It lies amidst rich pasture fields and meadows, now, at the commencement of June, covered with lush grass and myriads of flowers. All breathes the most entire peace and plenty; flocks and herds feeding in their abundant pastures, and filling the air with their lowings and bleatings. The peasantry well-grown, and some of them remarkably handsome, have an especially contented and well-to-do aspect, speak a broad dialect and possess a thoroughly Old English air.

Tissington has an old hall of grey stone, one of the ancestral seats of the Fitzherbert family, built in the style of the Elizabethan era, a place stately with its emblazoned coat of arms above the portal, and its handsome old stone gateway festooned with roses, its pleasant gardens, and park graced by well-grown trees, amidst which conspicuously stands forth a long and fine avenue of magnificent limes, forming in one direction an especially pleasant approach to the hall and village. Facing the front of the hall, on the opposite side of the village street, and situated upon somewhat higher ground, stands the well-preserved ancient church, of Saxon architecture, its churchyard shadowy from an avenue of yews, and detached aycamores of large growth. Tissington also has its well-to-do, most cheery, and comfortable-looking farm-houses and cottages, all built of grey stone, with thatched or slated roofs, and bright diamond-paned casement windows set in heavy mullioned frames; its capacious farmyards and pretty gay gardens; but not a single squalid or ruinous shade does it possess, nor has it—probably one great reason for Tissington's prosperous condition—a public-house or inn within its immediate precincts.

If ale and spirituous liquors are forbidden their licensed presence within the village, there is, however, an ample supply, from the five celebrated and sacred wells, of such crystal and sparkling water running in all directions, that thirsty travellers speedily find their compensation.

"Water, water everywhere," is perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of Tissington; water running cheerily in little streamlets from the various wells, and on the village-green widening out into a considerable pond.

Approaching the village by the fine lime-tree avenue, of which I

have spoken, the first well you encounter stands in the middle of the road, at the entrance of the village, and is remarkable from a yew-tree growing above it out of the stone-wall which covers-in the spring. From this it is occasionally called "The Tree Well;" it is also known as "Goodwin's Well." Higher up in the village, beyond the green and the pond, is "The Town Well." Opposite to the gates of the Hall, and near to the churchyard, is the most conspicuous and remarkable of all the wells, called "The Hall Well." Here the clear water from the spring flows into the road, filling in its course two stone basins which are sunk into the ground; behind these basins rises an arched alcove of old masonry, covered with a luxuriant profusion of ivy and creeping plants. The waters of the fourth well, called "Hand's Well," flow into an oval-shaped stone basin, standing upon an oval pedestal; this well is situated in front of cheerful cottage gardens, somewhat higher up the street; and, the fifth well, called "The Coffin Well," is located in a rather hidden nook beyond the churchyard, and near to "The Town Well." "The Coffin Well" is the most neglected of all the wells in appearance: it lies apart from the village street in a grassy spot, neither garden nor field; cottages face it on one hand, whilst on two sides elder trees and thorns overshadow it. It has a dreary character of damp and gloom well-befitting its name. Its form is as of a large and very broad coffin; it is built of rough stone, and sunk two or three feet within the earth. You approach it through lank grass, by a little pathway of rough flag stones.

Inquiring into the origin of "The Well-dressing," one can obtain in the neighbourhood but little information, excepting that it is supposed to date back into remote antiquity. In a small pamphlet containing hymns appointed to be sung at the ceremony, we find the following—

"Tradition, it is certain, has long ceased to hold out any clew to its satisfactory elucidation, and can only refer us doubtfully, though sometimes with extraordinary confidence, to the times and customs of the Saxons, Romans, or aboriginal British.

"When we consider the subject, however, in connection with Ascension Day, and the customary Processional Service still in use, something of a little greater certainty may be derived from Ecclesiastical History. These Processional Services of the Church were in old times called Litanies, or Rogations; and these terms were used technically from a little before the time of St. Basil. The words originally and properly meant "prayers," but about the time just mentioned, they began to have a restrained and technical meaning, applied to solemn processional supplication in time of drought, famine, pestilence, or war. From the East, the custom soon spread to Africa and the West, so that so early as the year A.D. 450, Mamercus, Bishop of Vienne, in France, ordained in his diocese, that the three days before Ascension Day of every year, should be dedicated to their performance. On reference to the Calendar and Rules of our own Prayer Book, we shall find that the same three days are still appointed for prayer and fasting, as 'the three Rogation Days,' a fact which seems to clear up in a great measure the difficulties of the subject before us."

One of our village informants spoke of the Well-dressing, together with its procession, having fallen into abeyance at different periods ; but the floral honours of the day appear to have taken too deep root within the public heart ever to have been eradicated for any length of time. The last era of its revival, our informant told us, was some sixty years ago, when an aged woman, called in the village familiarly Pall, or Mary Twigg, on one Ascension Day hung up a garland of wild flowers over the "Hall Well," within which she placed a paper inscribed with a little verse composed by herself, intimating that, although garden flowers had been refused her with which to honour the old custom and the sacred wells, certainly she might be permitted to gather wild flowers, and to weave them into a memento of olden times.

This old dame, in whom must have glowed a true spark of poetry, remembering the former glories of the Ascension Days of her youth, never rested until she had kindled a similar enthusiasm in other minds ; and thus her garland and poem achieved their object.

In remoter times, probably at the era of the Reformation or the Commonwealth, there appears to have been a cessation of the custom ; but it was revived by the inhabitants of Tissington as a mark of gratitude towards God, after a season of terrible drought, in which all the neighbouring country suffered severely, Tissington alone escaping, through the supplies of water in the Holy Wells.

This morning, the first of June, the morning before the important day of ceremonial, we walked over to the village, expecting already to see signs of the morrow's festivities ; and we were not mistaken. It was a damp, hazy morning, the grass heavy with the thunder rain which had fallen in the night, a morning when "the aspen-grey forgot to play, and the mist hung on the hill." Everybody was prognosticating rain—rain which is so very much wanted by the farmers—and which, nevertheless, every one would willingly dispense with until after the "Well-dressing." We are told that last Ascension Day it rained unceasingly—that it often is wet at the "Well-dressing:" we are told that the procession to the wells seems to bring rain ; and that thus, if rain should come now, when so much wanted, it will be "all right, and a very great blessing too." Still, willingly we would anticipate sunshine and not showers for the long-talked-of festival. We shall see who are the true prophets—our wishes, or the country people !

Entering the village, we saw active preparations for the morrow, men were sweeping the village green, weeding pathways and doorsteps, erecting refreshment booths in the village street, and cleaning the stone-work of the all-important wells. Various vehicles, such as dog-carts, rustic gigs and phaëtons, not to say "shandry-dans," we noticed drawn up before certain substantial stone houses, either resting after having already conveyed guests to this scene of hospitality, or brought out in readiness to fetch guests ; and, glancing accidentally through an open casement of a farm-house, most comfortable were the hospitable preparations which displayed themselves before us.

Within the open door of a cart-shed we discovered the floral deco-

ration itself in progress. And this was what especially we had desired to see. We noticed, looming forth out of the gloom, a fantastic framework of wood, covered partially with a brilliant mosaic work. "Might we step in and look at the decoration in progress?" we asked. "Certainly, by all means!" replied the young man at work, who appeared considerably smeared with clay, and who wore a picturesque slouching black wide-awake. The work upon which this young artist, this "mosaic-worker," for such I must call him, was employed, was a kind of wooden shrine intended to be placed above one of the wells. Each well has a similar shrine, the decoration of which is undertaken by certain families in the village. The style is the same throughout, though the detail varies, and the workmanship also is more or less careful. Our young artist appeared to have the ornamentation of his shrine entirely to himself, and certainly his work was peculiarly tasteful, and very carefully elaborated. We had pictured to ourselves the Holy Wells "dressed" with garlands and chaplets of leaves and flowers, pretty much as one sees such floral displays abroad, but the reality we discovered was entirely different. The floral decoration of Tissington being literally *mosaic work*, flowers are used instead of stones, ruby-red, pink, and white double daisies instead of porphyry and marbles; the crisp flowers of the wild blue hyacinth instead of lapis lazuli; the bright green twigs of the yew-tree instead of malachite, and so on. The colours principally employed are crimson, pink, blue, golden-yellow, white, and varied greens. The effect is marvellously brilliant, original, and fantastic beyond the description of words. The designs are arabesques, quaint symbols—such as crosses, vases, doves, &c.—mingled with texts from Scripture: its character is, we have said, of mosaic-work, or illumination. The principal flowers used were, first and foremost, double daisies—the crimson and white predominating; occasionally pink double-daisies were chosen, but the tints had to be most carefully sorted, and only the same shade of flowers employed in masses together. White double-daisies were frequently, we saw, chosen as a groundwork for a text or emblazonment of some brilliant colour, with an excellent effect. Double-white daisies, we also observed, were made use of for the symbolic doves with surprising taste, their dead whitenesses telling with exquisite purity upon a crimson, light green, or blue ground. Yellow was produced, in various tints, by laburnum, furze blossom, May-flowers, or "May-blobs," as the country people called them, and corcorus; blue—by the wild hyacinth; crimson and dull pink, is, I have said, by double-daisies; and green, dark olive, and grass green, by the old and young twigs of the yew-tree. Occasionally various kinds of berries and even lichens were most ingeniously and artistically employed to produce gradation of tint; and this introduction of these tertiary colours in slight degrees was valuable in the extreme to an artistic eye. The flowers are carefully separated from their branches and stems, and laid together in heaps of colour to be used. The whole is, in fact, an art, and requires both taste, skill, and experience in its elaboration. In the first place, the wooden frame of the shrine, which is in separate pieces, so as to be readily moved about, is covered with a layer of clay

mixed with salt, in order to preserve the moisture. Upon this clay is very accurately marked out the pattern intended to be, as it were, embroidered with flowers, by pricking, with a wooden skewer, through a paper upon which the pattern or design has been traced. Into this moist clay the flowers and twigs, according to colour, are closely stuck together side by side, producing, at a distance, in their rich masses, an effect almost like velvet. The patterns and designs which we saw, appeared all originally to have been taken from prints. It is to be hoped, that first-rate designs of an appropriate, sacred, and symbolic character may be placed in the hands of these clever village mosaic-workers. There is no setting bounds to the beauty which might then be attained in this decoration. Mosaic designs of early Italian religious art, Alhambra arabesques, and ornamentation to be found in mediæval missal-painting, might be most advantageously employed in this simple and beautiful floral decoration, and the whole become a refined and perfected beauty—gratifying to the most fastidious artistic taste, and yet losing thereby none of its simple rural character. It is a curious question, which we have not yet heard answered—Whence originated this peculiar mode of decoration? It is especially Italian in its character. Is it just possible that it is a tradition of old Rome yet lingering amongst our peasantry, a glimpse of a festival in honour of Flora handed down through countless generations? The idea certainly appears wild, yet it is at least a pleasant fancy.

Our solitary young "mosaic-worker,"—himself, be it observed, possessed of a singularly Italian type of face, which, with its well-cut regular features, of a remarkably gentle and artistic character, dark eyes and colourless brown complexion, you might have expected rather to have encountered in Italy than in a village of central England—appeared a consummate master of his art, and not only gave us full opportunity of observing it in progress, but showed us the completed central design for his shrine, a huge vase, depicted upon a dull green ground, in white, blue, and crimson flowers. Walking through the village, we encountered various interesting and picturesque groups of villagers engaged in this beautiful, fragrant mosaic-work, several families appearing to join in the decorations of a shrine. There was a group assembled beneath a shed in a stonemason's yard, busily employed upon the shrine for the "Coffin Well." The whole scene would have furnished a pretty rustic subject for a picture by Millais. The open grey space of the stone-cutter's yard was full of sunshine, which fell upon rough slabs of stone, more or less in states of progression for monumental purposes; this stone, both by its character and whiteness, throwing the group of "mosaic-workers," in their blue smock-frocks, and with their bright sun-burnt countenances bent over their brilliant flower tapestry, into a wonderful strength and intensity of colour and life. A group of children standing looking on at the men at work, one girl with a hawthorn branch in her hand, and a little fellow holding a wide-awake brimful of sorted furze-blossoms, added especial beauty to the scene. Another group, composed of both men and women, we saw at work under a shed in a most well-to-do-looking farm-yard—a lady, evidently the wife of the wealthy farmer, but a

farmer's wife of the modern, not of the old school, and her two little children superintending the labours of the merry-countenanced men and women who were elaborating with busy and expert fingers the shrine for the "Town Well." The whole village, more or less, for several days previous to Holy Thursday, is kept in active preparation for the great occasion. The greatest difficulty and labour, we understand, are in the collection of sufficient flowers required for the decoration; children and young people scour the country miles round in search of flowers, gathering such as they can find in the fields, and begging double-daisies and other suitable blossoms from gardens. Of course the flowers used in the "mosaic" depend much upon the time of the year in which Ascension Day falls; this summer, it falling singularly late, the flowers are those of early summer. It is necessary also, that the blossoms chosen should be such as do not immediately fade.

The sun burst forth in splendour before we quitted the village, and we fully hoped for a sunny morrow. The villagers, however, did not appear equally sanguine. "It often rains here at the Well-dressing," observed several to us. "It's quite a common thing to have rain on Holy Thursday here; and we want rain bad enough now, so if it comes it will be a blessing and welcome." "For my part," remarked a very merry-looking man standing near the Hall Well, his eyes twinkling with fun, and his old straw hat stuck on his head with a waggish air, "I *hope* it will rain, I do!" "You *hope* it will rain!" we exclaimed, much surprised—"you *hope* it will rain! You don't *look* like an ill-natured man, but your wish is very ill-natured. Just think how rain would spoil the Well-dressing and disappoint every one!" "But I *do* hope it will rain!" he laughed and rubbed his forehead merrily, till he nearly knocked his hat off his head; "and I *am* an ill-natured man, and I think of the *gress* and the *chayse*. What's folks to do without *gress* and *chayse*; and what's more, I think it will rain!" And he laughed more heartily than ever. We all came away from Tissington, trusting, spite of "*gress*" and "*chayse*," that our merry prophet might prove a false one. The sunshine bursting forth, and bathing the happy village as we left it in a flood of brightness, gave us, as I have said, hope for the morrow.

EVENING OF ASCENSION DAY.—We have returned from the Well-dressing drenched! Our ill-natured man was only too true a prophet. The "*gress and the chayse*," at all events we trust may have benefited by the rain—even though we and many another visitor have suffered; certainly, the day has maintained its character well this year.

But now to my narrative. It was a dull, though not hot, morning, when about ten o'clock, we set off to Tissington, in order have a glance at the Wells before service commenced in the Church. Having entered the village by the lime-tree avenue, we came upon "Goodwin's Well," or the "Tree Well," in its festive array. The first glance at the brilliant and fragrant little shrine, standing forth in its freshness, its bright pinnacles and arches thrown forth into yet more striking brightness of colour by the sombre tints of the stately yew-tree, towering behind and above it, startled us by its fantastic and novel character, with a

thrill of true delight. Around this little shrine, backed by the dark yew, on two sides rose a hedge formed by tall hawthorn branches stuck firmly into the ground, and hawthorn branches were laid and wattled together in front, forming a low fence over which you obtained a complete view of the shrine. The little square enclosure thus formed by these fences and hedges was thickly strewn with blue-bells, forget-me-nots, butter-cups, daisies, and grasses, forming as it were a bright carpet. The architectural character of the shrine was Gothic—brilliant arch within arch, until your eye reached the central device, which, in this instance, was a representation of a temple, formed of blue, yellow, and white flowers upon a green ground. The central arch bore, as motto—red upon white daisies—"Christ is Our Peace." The three pinnacles were each surmounted by a disc covered with floral mosaics; the centre representing a white dove with outspread wings, whilst the other two displayed crosses of white, yellow, crimson, and green. The general effect of colour of this shrine was golden and crimson, a rich combination which harmonized most beautifully with the dusky green of the yew-tree behind it. We observed that a peculiarly soft effect was produced in all these shrines by the outlines of the arches, especially of the external arch being edged with a narrow border of yew-twigs interspersed with flowers; this edging of green seemed to blend the rich colours with the green background of trees, by shadowy and soft gradation, so that the whole appeared to melt into one mass of beauty. The interstices of the arches were filled up with yew branches, and yew branches were also laid about the foundations of some of the shrines and upon the brinks of the wells, the peculiar fresh fragrance of these boughs pervading the place with a grateful odour, a sylvan incense as it were.

All the five shrines of the Holy Wells, bore the same general character in their architecture and style of decoration, there being, however, an individuality of detail in each. Conspicuous amongst them were the "Hall Well" and the "Coffin Well, for the carefulness of their elaboration and the richness of their design. The prevailing tone of colour in both these shrines was the same—green, blue, crimson, and white; the centre device in each was an urn. I mentioned yesterday our seeing the "Hall Well" decorations in progress, and its clever artificer. We find, by conversation with the villagers, that William H—, our friend, quite a noted individual in the village, is the son of a stone-cutter, and belongs to a family long celebrated for their proficiency in the art of well-dressing. The "Coffin Well" decorations are, we understand, the work of this family. Both these wells possess, as does the "Tree Well," the advantage of a background of natural foliage, which throws out the colour of the mosaic work with peculiar beauty.

It was amusing to hear the remarks of some of the lookers-on. One young girl, evidently from a distance, and who now saw the decorations for the first time, exclaimed, almost as if disappointed, "But, mother, they are covered with carpet!" Had she said covered with *Gobelin tapestry*, the idea conveyed to an educated mind, would certainly have been more correct—the idea any way, however, was not

amiss. A gentleman remarked, that he supposed that the device of an urn, which appeared to be a favourite, was a remnant of the old pagan usage, from which the custom took its origin; whilst this plausible theory was immediately knocked on the head by a countryman observing, "That's a good idea this year of them urns; it was took from a print in a book Sir William's gardener got." And, *d-propos* of these urns and vases, a little girl much amused me by drawing my attention to "the two pretty doves drinking out of the *gauze*," meaning, I suppose, vase.

But now the bells sounded for church, and thither we bent our steps along the broad village street, up the yew-tree avenue, and entered the sacred portal.

The interior of Tissington Church is in entire keeping both with its exterior, with the Hall, and with the whole village. Its character is Old English, and breathes an air of calm respectability. It is scrupulously clean, and restored within a few years, but restored in correct taste. There is the new chancel window of beautiful painted glass, rich in colour and mediæval in character, to cast its glowing tints above the crimson-covered Communion Table. But there are bare, white-washed walls visible beneath the Saxon arches, upon which in Roman characters stand sacred texts inscribed; and the Commandments hang, yellow with age, and framed in black wood, whilst conspicuous above the chancel arch frown a ferocious lion and unicorn, guarding the royal crown, upon a black ground, together with the gold, black, and scarlet inscription of "*Dieu et mon Droit*."

The villagers, farmers, and cottagers, took their places devoutly within oaken pews—a congregation, except for its more modern costume, such as made their bows and dropped their courtesies before Sir Roger de Coverley; and by and by entered in a bright crowd, with lace and freshly-rustling silks, the ladies from the Hall, accompanied by several gentlemen, and, kneeling, took their places beneath the alabaster and richly-emblazoned monuments of an ancestral baronet of James the First's time. And the ever beautiful and heart-soothing service commenced, and prayer and praise resounded through the church, no organ, however, flinging its tumultuous harmonies aloft, whilst leading the voices of the assembled people, but in its stead the village "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer," accompanied by the hearty, if not melodious voices of the villagers.

The benediction pronounced, we stood once more in the open air and beneath a raining sky! Rain! rain! rain! Our "ill-natured man" could indeed rejoice in the fulfilment of his wishes. Alas! he was only too true a prophet. Everywhere umbrellas dripping and people dripping, the trees dripping, and the refreshment booths dripping! Wet grass! wet roads! the very rivulets in the street looking more watery than usual, and yet the great event of the day must take its course; and the clergyman in his surplice, accompanied by the village "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer," must walk in procession to the different wells in proper order, and with proper decorum the appointed passages of Scripture must be read, and the hymns sung, accompanied by the aforesaid "cornet,

flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, and dulcimer." And, spite of rain, and spite of having to hold up umbrellas over open music-books, over wind instruments, and, above all, over the uncovered head of the clergyman, the ceremony was performed, and the procession, followed by a dripping and umbrella-covered crowd, proceeded from well to well.

The ladies composing the family party of the Hall soon disappeared with their delicate silk attire and embroidery, like a flock of bright coloured doves, from amongst the crowd assembled round the "Hall Well," and vanished beneath the rose-festooned portal of their ancestral abode; whilst Sir William accompanied the crowd of villagers and strangers from well to well, with a perseverance which had in it the courtesy of a good heart.

Meanwhile the hospitality of the village had begun. Not a stranger present but was invited to partake of the plentiful viands prepared throughout the village, from the sumptuous board spread in the great dining-hall of the Hall itself, to the humbler, but not less hospitable table of the village farm-house, where, instead of continental wines, you were regaled with home-made cowslip, currant, gooseberry, and elder-flower wine, each so sparkling, and excellent as to induce the most temperate to repeat their libation in compliance with the village injunction, "The oftener filled the more welcome!"

SOME ADDITIONAL NOTES ON THE TISSINGTON WELL DRESSING.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., ETC.

"Still, Dove Dale, yield thy flowers to deck the fountains
Of Tissington upon its holiday;
The customs long preserv'd among the mountains,
Should not be lightly left to pass away:
They have their moral; and we often may
Learn from them how our wise forefathers wrought,
When they upon the public mind would lay
Some weighty principle, some maxim brought
Home to their hearts, the healthful product of deep thought."

EDWARDS'S "TOUR OF THE DOVE."

THE gifted authoress of the "Art Student at Munich," in the foregoing charming paper with which she has favoured my readers, leaves nothing to be desired in description of this truly beautiful custom, as witnessed by her in 1859. I have, however, thought that it would be interesting to add a notice of it as observed in the years 1824 and 1835, and also a few lines descriptive of the decorations of the wells in the present season. This I propose therefore giving, with the addition of illustrative engravings of three of the wells, from sketches made by myself on Ascension Day of the present year.

The custom of Well Flowering is peculiar to Derbyshire, indeed, until of late years, to Tissington itself, and is without exception one of the prettiest, most harmless, and most laudable, of any of the customs which have been handed down to us. And there is little fear of its becoming obsolete, for the inhabitants of the village love it and revere it as one of their dearest and most cherished institutions, and there is not, I verily believe, in the whole of Tissington, a man or a woman, a youth or a maiden, nay, even a little child, who does not feel that the custom is dear to them as their birthright, and who will not do their best to perpetuate it in all its beauty and purity. Unlike most old customs, it is kept up in full vigour, and instead of dying away, its observance seems not only to gain strength year by year in Tissington itself, but its beneficial influence appears to spread itself to other places in the county. So, a good and pure example will always spread its influence around the spot where it once takes root.

The places which have followed the example of Tissington, are Wirksworth, Buxton, Pilsley, Clown, Barlow, Belper, and Makeney, and also Endon, near Leek. But it is not necessary to describe these in the present paper—a few words in a future one may probably be given. It may be well, however, just to say, that the custom at Wirksworth, the "Tap Dressing" as it is called, originated in the supplying of the town with water, and has become an established gala day; that the Buxton "Well Flowering" had its origin in the same way in 1840, as an expression of gratitude to the late Duke of Devonshire, for having supplied the inhabitants of higher Buxton with water at his own expense; and that at Belper, the "Lady Well," a well about which I shall have something to say in a future number of the "RELIQUARY," was for some years beautifully decorated by the inhabitants.

The following account of the Tissington Well Dressing, is by my late father, from whose manuscript I now print it. In 1835, I visited Tissington with him, and saw the "Well Dressing" for the first time, and it is a source of peculiar pleasure to me to recall the gratification of that visit, by giving his notes upon it, made in 1824, and again in 1835, at the time of our visit—

"The tourist ought never to pass through Derbyshire without visiting the beautiful village of Tissington, and, if possible, his visit should be made on Holy Thursday.

"Situate at the extremity of a small valley, in the midst of some of the most pleasing of the Peak mountains, and surrounded with all the beauty arising from assiduous cultivation, Tissington presents an elegance of appearance for which the villages of Derbyshire, especially in the hilly parts, are in no respect remarkable. Approaching it from Buxton, over the rugged hills in its vicinity, where every step presents but another picture of sterility, we suddenly and unexpectedly burst on this enchanting spot, and view it as a second Eden.

"Like other villages, it is irregular in its form; like them, too, it contains its Church and its Hall, and what, by refinement or encroachment, is in course of banishment from most others, its Green. It

contains, however, but one public-house, and this is more used as an inn for visitors, than as a place of inebriation for the inhabitants.

"The Hall, the residence of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, is a mansion of other times, and has been the seat of the Fitzherbert family from the reign of Henry the Fifth. The Church is a small venerable building, situated on a rising ground, and almost surrounded with beeches, sycamores, and yews. Within, it contains several monuments of the progenitors of Sir Henry, all in a good state of preservation.

"The Churchyard is neat and clean, and has the appearance of being of great and unnecessary extent, this, however, is only in appearance, and arises from the fact of the line of separation between it and a small park being a well-concealed sunk fence. The gravestones are mostly inscribed with verses, but in a better taste than prevails in similar situations. On a mural slab, placed on the South wall of the church, under an urn half covered by a mantle, are the following beautiful and pathetic lines, to the memory of Thomasine Goodwin Buxton, who died in 1809, at the age of eighteen—

"Daughter of Youth and Beauty hither turn,
And Life's first lesson from this tablet learn:
She, who beneath the marble sleeps, like you
Once shew'd health's sunny smile and rosy hue;
'Til the dark Spoiler came in Life's gay morn,
And dash'd the dew-drop from the vernal thorn!
Daughter of Youth and Beauty, pausing here,
Not unrequited shed the tender tear.
Forwarn'd by Thomasine, keep Death in view,
By her example, learn to meet it too.
Of heart as light, of life as insecure,
Like hers, thy heart be kind, thy life be pure;
So when it comes (and Death's uncertain hour
Eludes the Sage's skill, the Monarch's pow'r),
Or soon, or late, the destin'd shaft shall find,
A bosom innocent, a soul resign'd."

"From the Green, which lies in the lowest part of the village, four streets (if we may venture to give them that appellation), branch off; three almost in the direction of three of the cardinal points, the fourth between the two which run toward the North and the West. On the lower or Southern side of the Green, is a lake-like pool of clear water, ornamented with many aquatic plants, which, receiving the produce of all the springs in the town, forms the head of a small stream, which uniting with another brook is received by the river Dove not far from Ashborne.

"The view of the village from this Green is lovely and interesting. The houses are in general raised a few steps above the road, and have almost universally gardens before their doors, which being well stocked with lilacs, laburnums, and fruit-trees, produce a rich and beautiful effect; and this effect is much heightened by the dark back-ground of beeches and sycamores which ornament the park, or cover the sides of the neighbouring hills. Each separate dwelling is a picture, each cottage the abode of comfort, and the whole village displays more of the happy rural character fabulously attributed to the ideal golden age, than it is often the lot of the traveller to meet.

"But the celebrity of Tissington arises from its Springs, or as they

are denominated, its *Wells*. These are five in number, and the water they produce is clear and limpid in the extreme. One of these wells is situated near the north-west corner of the green; another at the west end of the town; a third opposite to the Hall; a fourth a little beyond the third; and the fifth, which bears the name of Foot's Well, is in a back part of the village called the Foots. In all, the water rises from fissures in the rock, and excavations are formed for the convenience of lading; each, as a well should be, is overshadowed by trees, and the clean state in which the whole are kept, augments the natural brightness of the fount.

"It is, and has been from time immemorial, the custom at Tissington to decorate annually these wells with flowers; probably, at first, by simply strewing round them the earliest productions of the season, and afterwards by forming wreaths and garlands, and hanging them as on a Maypole, upon the branches that embowered the springs. Ornament has now taken a different direction; the sportiveness, the simplicity of natural decorations has been discarded, and a new one, artificial in all but its materials, is adopted in its stead. On the day of dressing, each well is transformed into a Grotto, an Hermitage, or a Chapel, as best suits the taste or fancy of the neighbours, in which, each part assumes its fair proportion, and light and shadow, and colour, are produced in all the gradations of a well painted picture, or rather of an erection in the most rich and chaste mosaic-work.

"Ascension Day (Holy Thursday), is the day on which the annual *Well-flowering* takes place. The first part of the week is completely occupied in collecting flowers, and every field and every garden is ransacked for whatever may be useful. A bower is made of the branches of any tree that may be preferred; it is constructed behind the well, and extends on both sides to a convenient distance; this bower forms the groundwork for the design, which, is already prepared in parts, and requires only to be arranged according to the original design. They are soon put together, and when completed, display a richness of which no stranger can form an adequate conception. This is the early work of the morning. The inhabitants at the proper hour attend the procession of the club to Church, hear a sermon, and then following their minister, and attended by the village band, walk, in order, to every well, at each of which, as if to bless the water, a portion of the Psalms or Lesson for the day is read by the clergyman, and a Hymn or a Psalm accompanied by music, sung by the whole congregation. On leaving the last well, the procession breaks up, and all retire to dine.

"At the time of singing the last hymn at the farthest well, I entered Tissington at the opposite end of the town, on Holy Thursday, 1824. From the top of the hill, the village appeared like a moving panorama: stretched out before me, I saw all the features of a fair—stalls, shows, and petty merchants, but without their almost inseparable attendants, riot, disorder, and noise. The sound of the music rose sweetly on the ear, and I could distinctly trace whence it proceeded. I saw even beyond the farthest house a beautiful assemblage of females, mostly in white, in the front of what I had never before observed in Tissing-

ton; a rich Gothic Chapel, surmounted with three white crosses, and under the centre one a Crown of Glory. The sweet voices of the group joined harmoniously in the song, and not a whisper was heard to interrupt the melody. It had altogether the effect of one immense congregation of happy human beings assembled in the most capacious of God's temples, to celebrate the praise of their Creator, and to pour out their feelings of thankfulness and joy.

"A little below where I stood, at the very entrance of the green, was another well, which, from the company being attracted by the music to that which was ornamented as a Gothic Chapel, I had a good opportunity of examining at my leisure. It was situated at the foot of a hill, directly in front of a wood of firs and beeches, which supplied it with a dark impervious back-ground, as a foil for showing its designs to more advantage. The model here taken was that of a Gothic Temple, and it was executed in the most chaste and beautiful manner, each colour being produced by heads of flowers, studded close together in moistened clay, and which, blending with one another, produced a tint, that for delicacy and richness, left that of the finest velvet at an immeasurable distance.

"To this temple the entrance was a regular pointed arch, supported by two flat or panelled buttresses, the tops of which shot up into pointed pinnacles, while the centre of the arch bore a circle enclosing an expanded rose. Within the span of the arch, above the transom, was a circle enclosing a waving star, and two other encircled roses, one in each angle. The ground or field of the buttresses was *yellow*, composed of the flowers of the Marsh Marygold (*Caltha Palustris*), closely stuck together, which had the lustre and appearance of frosted gold; its ornament, a circle of blue with a white border, enclosing a white waving star, alternating with three tulip-leaved figures joined at the points; the middle one formed of the heads of the double white, and the two outer ones of those of the double crimson daisy; the latter a production almost peculiar to the village, and cultivated solely for the purpose of decoration.

"The field of the space within the arch was yellow, the centre, the Blue Wild Hyacinth (*Scilla-nectans*); the star, the white daisy, the lesser circles blue, with the roselike flower of the common daisy in each centre. The arch and the entablature, if such buildings have entablatures, were composed of crimson daisies, edged or bordered with white, and bearing in white Roman capitals the legend or inscription—

"THESE ARE THY GLORIOUS WORKS, PARENT OF GOOD."

"On each side of this entrance stood, at the distances of about two feet, a pointed column, formed of the small twigs and leaves of yew, in which were interspersed the flowers of tulips, which jutting from the sides, broke its straight right-lined profile, and by the gayness of their tints, produced a forcible but pleasing contrast; these again were partly hidden by the waving branches of the young hazels, planted for the purpose of heightening the effect, and which, interposed between the eye and the distance, admirably succeeded in favouring the design.

"What I have described was the outer arch; between this and the spring was another, cut through a wall of the leaves of yew, and the flowers of Ladies' Mantle (*Alchemilla vulgaris*), bordered with crimson daisies and enamelled with white rosettes. Through this was seen a purple urn under a third arch, relieved by a white field and bordered with red and yellow, apparently supplying the well, and pouring its waters into a basin composed of flowers of every hue.

"This well of itself would make a picture, for every part was so well adjusted as to show its counterpart to all advantage, and though the colours were vivid, let it be recollected they were Nature's own, placed in the happiest state of combination.

"In my perambulations, I found the other wells in the same style of colouring and design, but varying in the patterns and the motto, though the one opposite to the Hall fell far short of the effect intended, from the injudicious mixture of too many colours in the letters, which instead of producing an ornament, rendered the legend almost illegible.

"Such is the situation of Tissington wells this day, the 27th of May, 1824, but to describe the state of the town in any adequate terms, is almost beyond the power of language, and for this simple reason, the scene itself is beyond conception.

"Oft have we in romances, in novels, and in plays, been presented with *fetes champetres*; it is at Tissington alone that I have ever seen a real one. The day was one of the finest which Spring ever produced, the roads were good, and Nature had put on her brightest, and simplest garb. The Well Flowering annually attracts company, not only from the villages and towns in the neighbourhood, but from a distance of more than twenty miles, and this day brought visitors in profusion. Gigs, chaises, cars, carts and wagons, with private chariots, coaches, and landaus, filled the farmyards and the streets, while horses and asses innumerable could find neither shade nor shelter. Corn and hay were not to be procured, and happy was the wight who could turn his beast into a paddock where a goose could scarcely find a bite! Nor were the riders or pedestrians much better off: the inn, a very small one, could not accommodate a fiftieth part of the guests, for the landlord, by a very culpable negligence, had omitted to place benches on the outside of his house, by which he might have afforded at least a resting-place and a cup of ale to large numbers. The stranger who could not number in his acquaintance some inhabitant of the town, had no resource but to supply himself at one of the stalls with a bottle of ginger beer and a paper of biscuits, and retire to the beechen shade in the churchyard, and feast at leisure.

"Never had I seen assembled together so many happy, so many pretty faces, as this day at Tissington. Groups of young women, the *elite* of the country round, neatly, nay, elegantly dressed, with health on their cheeks, and that greatest of female charms, modesty, depicted on their countenances, were examining the tombs and gravestones, or seated under the trees, as secure from insult and interruption, as they were from the rays of a powerful sun. Every person, male or female, appeared to have left in the outer world whatever was earthly or

offensive, and to have repaired hither as to some holy feast, where a light word, or even an immodest thought, would be a sin against the sanctity of the place, and an offence to that beneficent Being whose fiat "first bade the water flow," and whose blessings had called forth the thanksgivings and rejoicings of the day.

"Happy Tissington! May the purity of manners I have this day witnessed, this ignorance of the world, its follies, and its vices, long continue to bless thy sons and thy daughters! May no manufactory, that bane of virtue, ever rear its accursed head among thy sylvan hills, nor turnpike-road, canal, or railway, lay open thy peaceful vale! Happiness and comfort are all that thou art at present permitted to know, and so long as thou rememberest to pay thy gratitude to the PARENT OF GOOD, with hearts as pure, and lips as holy, as those which this day joined in prayer, 'AFFLICTION shall not visit thee, nor SORROW dwell upon thy cheek.'"

* * * * *

"Such was Tissington in 1824, and such I again found it on Holy Thursday, May 28th, 1835. The same unclouded sky, the same invigorating sun, the same groups in the churchyard, the same assembly at the wells; it was as if time had been annihilated, or rather that the Ascension Day of 1824 had been prolonged to 1835, and that some all-powerful magician had by the mere waving of his wand, changed the individual character of every well, and given to each another form or figure, equal in design and beauty to that of yesterday, and bearing a motto equally appropriate and devout. One difference was indeed observable, the public-house had disappeared, and the horses and carriages out of use had been left at a new inn about half-a-mile distant. The Service was conducted in the same impressive manner, and one mind grateful for favours to the bestower of all good, appeared to pervade the assembled thousands; no broils, no quarrels, no rude speeches or vulgar songs, were suffered to intrude on the religious feeling of this immense congregation.

"For the origin of the custom of Well-dressing, however we may conjecture, it is difficult satisfactorily to account. It had undoubtedly its rise in piety, and that it should at this time be so religiously observed, is a pleasing trait in the manners of society at the present day—a convincing proof, that however our national morals may have been vitiated in populous manufacturing districts, the rural virtues have not entirely fled the land, nor depravity banished the religion of the heart.

"During the interval between my visits, the practice has been introduced wholly or partially into most of the towns and villages in the neighbourhood, but in none is it so devoutly commemorated as at Tissington. Wirksworth has imitated the custom about half-a-dozen years, but on a different day, the Wednesday in Whitsun-week. This town had long experienced a want of good water, and the gentry of the neighbourhood gave it a gratuitous supply by means of wooden pipes, and erected water-cocks (provincially called taps), in seven different parts, or streets. Grateful for the blessing, the inhabitants resolved

to hold a festival on the above-named day, and dress their taps in imitation of the Wells of Tissington; and though they have only an open street instead of the village green, and stone walls where they would wish for trees, the ornamental designs they produce are beyond all praise. The clubs on that day make their annual procession, and strangers arrive from all the country round, making Wirksworth a gay and lively place. A trifle is generally given by visitors to one or more of the wells, as a remuneration for the expense incurred; and in this it differs from Tissington, where nothing is either asked for or received. Probably this contributes to the scenes of inebriation and riot which frequently disgrace so praiseworthy an institution."

The decorations of the present year, 1862, equalled, and indeed, I may say, surpassed in beauty and complication those which I have before witnessed, and the Service, at all times an impressive one, was this year rendered peculiarly so, by the excellence and appropriateness of the discourse delivered by the Rev. H. F. Bacon, Vicar of Castleton, who officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Incumbent, the Rev. J. Barnes.

The inscriptions on the wells were as follows—"The Hall Well,"



THE HALL WELL, TISSINGTON.

shown in the engraving, bore in two lines, "*The Lord's mercies are new every morning.*" The "Town Well," as shown on Plate IV., "*O*





THE TOWN WELL, TISSINGTON,
DERBYSHIRE.

let the earth bless the Lord." "Hand's Well," "*The Lord is at hand.*" "Goodwin's Well," "*Peace be unto you ;*" and the "Coffin Well," as represented on Plate V., "*I go my way to Him that sent me.*" The designs of the decorations were extremely chaste and beautiful, as may easily be judged from the accompanying illustrations. The most beautiful was, however, undoubtedly the "Coffin Well," which far exceeded in design, and in artistic treatment, any thing which has yet, so far as my experience of Tissington goes, been attempted. The arrangement of the colours, the drawing of the figure of our Saviour, the diaper-work beneath, and the pillars and borders and surmounting crosses were all admirably managed, and produced an effect perfectly astonishing. Those who are acquainted with the beauty, the exquisite colouring, and the general effect of the finest examples of foreign mosaic work, will best understand the effect produced by the flowers on this and the other wells. It was the most perfect mosaic which the mind can conceive, the design being entirely composed of different coloured flowers instead of tesserae.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful, or more impressive appearance, than Tissington presents on the day of the observance of this holy festival—the perfect air of repose which reigns throughout the village—the rural cottages—the charming bits of scenery—the primitive simplicity, in appearance, of the inhabitants, as they gather together in groups on this joyful holiday—the beauty of the decorations of the wells—the pure and loving feeling which displays itself in the mottoes and inscriptions—the water bubbling and gurgling from beneath the floral arches, and throwing its sparkling little crystal drops around in wild profusion, as if to cheer and refresh the drooping flowers, and to preserve them to bend over it for a long, long period—the fine overhanging foliage of the evergreens and forest trees by which they are surrounded, and beneath whose shade, pierced here and there by a bright ray of sunshine, falling upon and lighting up the flowers, and sparkling and dancing upon the uprising waters—the exquisitely harmonizing contrasts produced by the deep and sombre foliage, mixed up with the gayer tints of the flowers—the long procession of humble worshippers headed by their pastor—the sweet music, and the sweeter voices floating upwards, and mingling with the trickling of the waters, and the rustling of the leaves, vibrating in the air with sensible pulsations, and dying away imperceptibly in the skies, like noble and holy aspirations borne upward from a yearning soul—the perfect order and quiet reigning around, unbroken by a harsh or discordant sound, and the purity of sentiment and feeling everywhere to be observed, render Tissington on this day, one of the sweetest and most charming spots for the artist or the poet to dwell upon, and make it one of the best examples of that pure and simple, that loving and ennobling early Christianity, of which it is a living emblem.

I have said that this year the observance of the custom was rendered peculiarly impressive by the delivery of an appropriate discourse by the reverend the Vicar of Castleton, and I cannot do better than close this note by giving the following portion of it to my readers—

"The reason why such reverent observances have so favourable an effect on the heart is not far to seek. It lies in that most obvious of the laws of mind, that force of habit which is at once the source of so much strength and of so much weakness. By this law it comes, that what we do or contemplate at stated times, and with solemn rites, comes back to us with a deeper meaning and more moving regard. It becomes invested with a holier and more touching feeling. It may be said, it often has been said, that if there is benefit in meditating on any particular event, we may contemplate it as well at one time as another; whenever it springs up spontaneously in the mind, whenever we feel better disposed to it. This may be true of individuals, but it is not true of the masses of mankind. It is an opinion founded on imperfect views of our being. It assumes man in general to be spiritually minded. It overlooks what is human in our nature. It recognizes the breath of God which was breathed into our nostrils, but regards not the clay of which we were made. Undoubtedly, if it were left to chance and individual will, man would delay, put off, neglect, or forget. It is from this power of habit and association in things spiritual as well as in things temporal, that it is so beneficial to the soul to have stated times of prayer. From this it comes, that to have one fixed and recurring day of rest and devotion which we learn to hallow, and which God has blessed, is an institution so rich in mercy. From this, it comes, that there is manifest advantage in having one day appointed, wherein we may join together in calling home to our thoughts the great events of salvation as they recur, with united devotion and holier respect. And if this be an advantage, there is an instinct within us that infallibly fixes on *that* day, on which each great victory of the Faith was gained; whenever the rolling year may bring it round.

"Perhaps few would dispute these observations so far; but I shall not hesitate to carry this reasoning farther still. Besides a stated time of observance, I believe that a peculiar and decent ceremonial has a happy influence on the spirit. That same law of association—which is part of the moral constitution which God has given us—a law which does and must always powerfully influence natures like ours, of mingled good and evil, can confer on an otherwise unimportant ceremonial a force and significance, which it would be wilful blindness not acknowledge and turn to account. Such celebrations, handed down from remotest antiquity, connect the past with the present and the future. They carry us back in mind through long lines of centuries, to that olden time when our forefathers in the Faith found, in these simple rites, an earnest expression of their devotion and their hopes. We live with them again in thought. We feel a pure and a pious pleasure in thinking that those whose names—though long, long lost to us, are yet, we hope, engraved in the Book of Life—hailed with religious joy at these wells the day of our risen Lord's Ascension up to heaven, and worshipped him as we worship; acknowledging the same wants, animated with the same hopes, singing like Hymns, repeating the same Scriptures, chanting the same Psalms, making like melody in their hearts and saying, "O Lord, our Governor, how

excellent is Thy Name in all the earth." And such thoughts as these shed a softening and a profitable influence on the soul. They form a conscious part of that Communion of the Saints which is a portion of our Belief, rich in consolation to mortality. For myself, I enter into all the spirit of such a Festival. I admire the beauty. I reverence the antiquity. I acknowledge the uses. I agree with the great Sage who said, that "whatever takes us out of the present to live in the past or the future, exalts and purifies the heart, and makes us partakers of a better nature." I should rejoice if such religious feasts could be more extensively adopted. If I were told they tend to superstition, I should answer, that all is not superstition which is called superstition. That such alarm proceeds from not having distinctly settled in the mind that which really constitutes superstition. That in this age of the world, when "too much learning" makes men mad with scepticism, there is little danger of their believing too much; and that an unreasoning dread of superstition is itself superstitious. If I were told that these things are after all but trifles, I should say that life is made up of trifles; but that nothing is a trifle, which even for a time, however brief, raises the thoughts from earth to heaven. And the day will surely come, when the greater part of those things, which we now pursue with deepest interest and most serious regard, will seem vainer than a sick man's dreams; while these world-called trifles shall be found fraught with deep spiritual significance and eternal riches. Who knows, who can say that in such a time as this, a spark may not fly out from the altar, and falling on some worn heart, light in it a sacred fire which shall never more go out. I should rejoice, I say, if such festivals could be more generally established. But, unhappily, no new one could be what this is to you. It must want that hallowing charm of ancient of days, which enables us to drink of the past as well as of the future, and clothes it with a reverence which cannot be at once put on. Be you, my Brethren, grateful to the Providence which has preserved to you an Institution so pious. Regard it religiously. Keep it in a right spirit, and it may cause to fall upon you dews of grace and goodness from heaven. You know not, indeed, what blessings it may call down from Him whose Ascension it acknowledges. At the least, no one in this place can fail to answer a question, which I have known many unable to answer, and which thousands, may be millions, of so-called disciples of Jesus cannot answer; namely—Why this day is called Holy Thursday—for here this worship, these flowers, these bubbling wells, all testify, year by year, that on this day the Son of Man ascended up to heaven.

"We use, my Brethren, the flowers and flowing fountains as *Emblems*. Our religion has been taught us, by the Great Author of Salvation, much in types and emblems. Doubt not, therefore, the wisdom of such teaching. Emblems, such as these, take a strong hold upon the heart. They speak with double clearness, because they speak to the more impressive eye, as well as to the ear. They put us most forcibly in mind of unseen things, by presenting to us things we see. Let us rightly, that is, *spiritually*, use them. When we walk the accustomed

round, let a reverential regard lend them a voice to commune with our souls. When we visit the wells, let their waters, as they sparkle before us, tell us of the Fountain opened for uncleanness from those wounds whence the streams of salvation once redly flowed—of that spiritual Pool of Bethesda whose baptismal waters no more an angel stirs, but God the Holy Ghost himself moves with healing and inspiration—of that true fountain of Siloam, whence He who was *sent* pours on the blind of heart, and dark of sight, the light of eternal day—of that sacred Jordan, flowing from the Rock of Ages cleft for us, in which the leprous but penitent soul may seven times wash and be clean. And these flowers, with which you surround them, have their own lesson. Their sweet breath may put us in mind of that precious ointment whose odour filled the whole house, with which a loving soul anointed the head of Jesus; or their fragrance may speak of the prayer continually going up as sweet incense unto heaven. Their brightness may tell of that light of Christian hope which shoots a ray of joy across the gloom of the grave—their soon decay may discourse to us of the perishing nature of all mortal things—their never-failing breaking forth again from earth, to lend their splendour to this holy festival, may well remind us that we too shall burst the fetters of death, and springing from the grave with new and glorious bodies, rise on eagles' wings to meet the Ascended One in the air.

"And holy thoughts, my Brethren, lead on to holy deeds. Let us never forget that we must rise painfully now, in this life, if we would rise happily in another. The true Ascension begins here. It begins by mortifying our corrupt affections, subduing our lusts, leaving our sins, and carefully endeavouring, by God's grace and ready help, to live a new and heavenly life, obeying His laws and diligently keeping His commandments; that so we may daily tread higher, higher, until we slowly but surely approach the Mount of Holiness, and in heart and mind thither ascend, until the day when God shall exalt us, body and soul, unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, there with Him continually to dwell.

"And may God the Holy Ghost so guide and guard us, so touch our hearts by the sacred influence of these and all holy Ordinances, that when our hour of ascending comes, we may hear the great Archangel's call with joy unspeakable, and go up amidst songs of triumph, to change these earthly flowers for the palms and amaranths of Paradise."

Derby, June, 1862.

A NOTE ON THE PARISH REGISTER OF THE CHURCH OF ST. HELEN, EYAM.

BY WILLIAM WOOD.

Author of the "History of Eyam," &c.

THE oldest known register at Eyam indicates that there must have been a prior one, for it commences without heading, with the following entry—"Aug. 20, 1630, Bur. Robert Talbot, Rector." This entry is at the top of the first page, and would appear to be a continuation of previous entries. Of this Robert Talbot it may not be uninteresting to state, that he was for some time supposed to be the same Robert Talbot, the link so much wanted in the chain of pedigree to one of the claimants to the Shrewsbury peerage and estates. The Talbots of Eyam, were undoubtedly of the Shrewsbury family. Their crest was a talbot; and, it is somewhat remarkable, that of this family thirteen died of the plague in 1666. The last of the Eyam branch of this family died unmarried in 1817.

Sherland Adams appears from the Register to have succeeded Robert Talbot as Rector. Of the intolerant zeal of this divine much might be said, which perhaps may not be necessary here. In the Civil War between Charles and the Parliament, his zealous loyalty caused him to be arrested and imprisoned. Besides being Rector of Eyam, he had the benefice of Treeton, Yorkshire, where he was so much despised, that one Nicholas Ardron, of Treeton, wrote a pamphlet of charges against him; which is now of extreme scarcity. The opinion which the writer held of the divine may be gathered from the following short extract—"He is a man much given to suits at law, as they well know at Eyam, in Derbyshire, where they have tasted of his turbulent spirit; from there he sent tythe of lead ore to the King against Parliament; sent a man and musket and a fat ox to the Earl of Newcastle," &c., &c. To a clergyman, who had resigned his living for nonconformity, he said, "You are a fool, before I would do the same, I would swear a black crow was white." He died April 11, 1664, and was buried at Treeton.

The Rev. William Mompesson,* whose name, as well as that of his wife, is and ever will be associated with Eyam, through his connection with it during the raging of the plague in 1666, succeeded the Rev. Sherland Adams as Rector.

Of about eighteen Rectors since the Rev. Robert Talbot, only four have been buried at Eyam. Of the latter was the Rev. Joseph Hunt, who, according to the Register, was "Bur. December 16, 1709." Hunt's ministry at Eyam was the theme of the country for half-a-century, through an ill-judged and disgraceful act on his own part. The story runs thus: A party of miners had assembled at the house of a Matthew Ferns, the "Miners' Arms," Eyam, and Hunt was in their company, inebriated. In the midst of this rude company—himself as rude as the rest—he began commending the beauty and descanting on the charms of the landlord's daughter, when one of the miners pro-

* Of Mr. Mompesson, a notice will, it is hoped, shortly appear in the "RELIQUARY."

posed that he should there and then marry Miss Ferns. Hunt consented, the Prayer Book was brought in requisition, and the ceremony gone through in such form as the state of the divine and his friends would admit. This scandal at length coming to the knowledge of the Bishop of the Diocese, he instituted an inquiry, and after hearings and examinations, insisted on his marrying Miss Ferns honourably and legally. Soon afterwards an action was brought against him for breach of promise of marriage, by a young lady near Derby, and, to avoid the consequences, Hunt took refuge in the vestry of the church. In this place he lived alone many years, and there his ashes now repose. The following notices relate to other Rectors of this place—

1670. "Bur. August, Thomas Stanley, Rector," ejected for Non-conformity.
 1717. "Bur. Oct. 21, Alexander Hamilton, Rector Vigilantes."
 1740. "Bur. April 22, Ralph Rigby, Curate." The Rev. R. Rigby was curate to Dr. Finch, Rector of Eyam, who resided at York. On the night of the funeral of Mr. Rigby, two out of three clergymen who had attended his funeral, were lost and perished in the snow, on returning home, a few miles only from Eyam.
 1822. "Died Nov. 18, Charles Hargrave, Rector." This eminently good man was succeeded by the Right Hon. Robert Eden, now Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The following are a few miscellaneous entries:—

- Bur. Dec. 30, 1663, Anna, the traveller, 136 years of age.
 Bur. May 1, 1770, Humphrey Beneson and his wife, both in one grave.
 Bap. and Mar. Sep. 24, 1770, aged 35, Thomas Longfellow.
 Bur. 1793, Joseph Beneson, who introduced Methodism into Eyam.
 Bap. 1779, William, the son of a vagrant, born in the village street.
 Bur. Feb. 28, 1686, Thomas Carnal, killed from a rock in the dale.
 Bur. 12 Sep. 1689, Samuel Ratcliff, shot in the Highlow Woods, by Martin Robinson, of Offerton.
 Bur. Feb. 4, 1692, Elizabeth Trout, starved to death in a snow, on Sir William.
 Bur. Feb. 18, 1694, John White, found dead in the dale.
 Bur. 16 May, 1748, Hannah Milward, killed from a rock in the dale.
 Bur. 5 Feb. 1748, Stephen Broomhead, starved to death in a snow, Eyam Moor.
 Bur. 12 July, 1752, Edward Mortin, drowned in a well, Eyam Edge.
 Bur. 27 June, 1767, Thomas Brettaner, burnt to death in a lime-kiln, Eyam Dale.
 Bur. 21 Aug. 1775, Sarah Mills, who drowned herself in Wright's Well-house.
 Bur. 30 Aug. William Furness, drowned in a well.
 Bur. 30 Dec. 1775, John Hadfield, found dead in a field.
 Bur. 14 Oct. 1784, Joseph Archer, drowned in Middleton Mill-dam.
 Bur. 26 Jan. 1785, Joseph Vernon, drowned in the river Derwent.
 Bur. 24 May, 1785, Mary Hall, killed by lightning, while sitting in her corner chair.

Bur. 8 Sep. 1790, George Froggatts, who died in a ditch.

Bur. Edward Dooley, fiddler, 30 Aug. 1802, who died at a Morris Dance.

Bur. March 3, 1774, three human skulls and other bones found in a cavern in Eyam Dale.

Bap. Dec. 23, 1742, Anna Seward (the Poetess).

Eyam.

Original Documents.

THE following Document, in the possession of the Editor, is printed, not because in itself it possesses any special interest, but because it bears the scarce autograph signature of President Bradshaw, about whom so much was written in the last number of the "RELICUARY." The Editor, therefore introduces it for the sake of presenting his readers with a facsimile of the signature of this remarkable man, feeling that it will be an interesting addition to the papers alluded to—

DIE MARTIS 27^o MARTII 1649.

ATT THE COUNSELL OF STATE ATT DERBY HOWSE.

WHEREAS, the place of Cooke in the Shipp Swiftahore is become void by the death of Tho: Holtshipp, late Cooke thereof; AND WHEREAS Tho: Faithfull hath bene recommended by yo^r Selves to bee a person fitt to execute that place: You are therefore required to enter the said Thomas Faithfull, Cooke accordingly in the said Shipp, wth such allowance of diet and wages for himselfe and 5 Servant as is usual in a Shipp of that rate: And for yo^r See doeing, this shal bee yo^r Warrant.

Signed in the Name and by Order of the
Counsell of State appoynted by authority of Parliam.

Jo: Bradshawe P^res^t.

To the Commissions of
the Navy:
Ex^d. G. FROST, Secr.

The following interesting document relating to Wormhill Chapel, Derbyshire, is communicated by Mr. William Swift, of Sheffield. In reference to it, Mr. Swift says, "the document is without date, but I should not scruple to assign it to the 15th century." The annual render of "one stone of wool," and "such as is able wool and chapmans ware" is curious—

The entente, cause, & effect, of y^e present dede is y^e.

Whereas, hyt is see y^e Robt. Harrison, of Tydd: & Thoms son & heyr unto the sayd Robt. haff resseyved of Wyllm Gretraks & Wyllm Palfreyman^s fees of y^e chapell off Wormhyll xx^s as for a stoke, and the s^d Robt. or Thomas, y^e heyr, or y^e assignes, be agreabull & content to pay vnto the s^d fees, or ey^r being for the tyme on Ston Wull evry yer, such as is abull wull & chapmans ware, at the Feast of the Translation of Saynt Thomas of vttermost, and to vphold the stoke of xx^s. Provyded allwey that the s^d Robt & Thomas are att their Liberty & choise when they wyl pay in the s^d stoke of xx^s, so that hyt be payd before the feast of the purification of our Lady in that year that they be advysed to pay it in, and to the performance and payment of the yearly rent with the stoke, the said Robt. Harrison and Thomas hys son haff given and delivered possession

and seisin in and of an acre of Lond where hyt lyse, unto certaine Feoffmte, whose names be within this Dede, annuxed unto this present wrytyng, made betwixt and freewyll. And it is so agreed, that if the sd Robt. or Thomas, or their heys do not wyll, consent, and pay, every year on Ston Wull at such times as is before specified: Then hyt is so covenanted, that Robt. Harrison and Thomas his son, or their heires, or their assyngs, cause be payd of feeses being for the time xiijs. liijd. to the of the stoke for to make the full payment of xxxdjs. liijd. for the and the sd feeses for to stond in full possession and estate for ever more. To the behoofe of the Chappell of St. Margaret of Wormhyll.

The following curious letter, addressed to "Mr. Goodere Fletcher, To be left with Mr. Richard Redfern, at the White Hart in Haynor" (Heanor, Derbyshire), in the possession of the Editor, will be read with interest—

SIR,—When I review your kindness and great Civility to me at Haynor, tho' entirely a Stranger to you, I must think my Self highly Culpable, if I do not endeavour to manifest my Gratitude and thankfulness in the best manner I am able. And as you were pleas'd to express a Satisfaction on Sight of a few Lines composed upon the present horrid and unnatural Rebellion, I have reason to hope these few Occasion'd by the precipitate Retreat of the Rebels into Scotland, and the disappointment the French have hitherto met with in their intended Embarkation, may be agreeable to you. I never much credited the Report of the French landing any great Number of their Troops here, notwithstanding all the Bustle they have made about it, it being Natural to them to talk of one thing, and at the same Time intend to Act quite the contrary; and at this juncture especially An Invasion from them must, one wou'd think, be impracticable, the Treaty of Dresden having cut out other Work for them: and it is now to be hop'd a few Campaigns will make it appear to the World, that the French are neither such able Warriors, nor such profound Politicians, as they wou'd be thought to be. But lest it shou'd be deem'd trifling to enlarge on a Subject so palpable and Self-evident as this is, with my Sincere Wishes for your Happiness and Prosperity, I shall conclude, only begging leave e'er I do so, to subscribe my Self, S^r, Your obliged, most humble, and most obedient Servant,

THO. FLETCHER.

No Clouds are now on our Horizon seen,
All fair the North,* and all the South serene,
The rosy East, the ruddy West's the same,
And thankfull Numbers bless great William's Name:
Affrighted Rebels to their Holes retreat,
And hostile Faction flies the crowded Street;
Heav'n smiles upon his Agent here below,
Infernal Aid's constrain'd to leave the Foe;
Blest be the Pow'r, that guards the British Land,
Still may his Arm protect illustrious CUMBERLAND.

Castle Donnington, Jan. 21st., Anno Salut. 1745.

Anthology.

TO MY MOST HONOURED COUSIN, THE LADY MARY FITZHERBERT OF TISSINGTON.

Madam, the Peak is famous far and near
For a great many wonders that are there,
Pooles-Hole, the Devils, Elden-hole, the Well
That ebbs and flows, made Darbyshire excel.
The sandy hill that ever falls away
And yet (in bulk) doth suffer no decay;
And Buxton's Bath (though in a Village Town)
Abroad our county, gives a fair renown.
These and the like, do far and near invite
Strangers, and natives to delight their sight.
But these are Grotts, Waters, and Hills, and such
As we have one that doth exceed them much:
Your beauties, and your many virtues speak
You the chief Wonder that doth grace the Peak.

SIR ASTON COKAINE, 1658.

* Meaning the North of England only.

Notes on Books.

THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.*

It is pleasant to see a denizen of the great metropolis of the cotton district, Manchester, "now time hangs heavy on the hands" of so many of his brethren, turning away from the smoke of the factories, the noise of the wheels, the smell of the dyes, the prose of piles of cotton bales, and the endless stacks of calicoes stored in the great warehouses, to enjoy his leisure time in the country—it is pleasant to see such a man, whatever his occupation may be (and Mr. Croston's we know not), turning aside from the busy life of the "unclean city," and spending his week or his fortnight in roaming about, and enjoying Nature in her most beautiful and lovely aspects, on the hills and in the dales of Derbyshire. To a man of this kind, with a mind duly impressed with the solemnity of nature, and open to her softest and most luxurious, as well as to her most rugged, bare, and sterile aspects, a visit to the Peak of Derbyshire must indeed be a treat of no ordinary kind. Mr. Croston seems to have been bent on enjoyment, and to have found it in every place he came to. This is what we like in a tourist—he leaves his cares and anxieties to wind themselves about the cotton bales, and to curl among and vanish with the smoke of the tall chimneys of Manchester, and brings nothing ill-natured or sour with him—so he enters the Peak with a mind ready for enjoyment, and he finds it to be had at every turn, even without seeking for. The result of his "saunter" he has given in the prettily got-up volume before us, which, no doubt will be extensively read in his own district. We are not prepared to assent to the proposition, however, that every man who has a fortnight to spare, and who, throwing his satchel over his shoulder, wends his way to the Peak, and saunters along among its many beauties, is called upon to write his tour and give it forth to the public. On the contrary, we think few people would be justified in following such a course. Mr. Croston has evidently felt that it was his mission to "write a book," and he has done so, and filled it, too, with, at all events, readable, if not with instructive matter, and he has succeeded in choosing a title which, if any thing will, will undoubtedly sell it. "ON FOOT THROUGH THE PEAK," is perhaps as well chosen a title as any tourist could have hit upon, and we heartily commend him for his good taste in this respect.

The tour our author has chosen for the subject of his volume, may be summed up as embracing Chapel-en-le-Frith, Castleton, Hathersage, Eyam, Chatsworth, Bakewell, Haddon, Winstan, Matlock, Tissington, Ashborne, Dove Dale, Hartington, Arbor Lowe, Lathkiln, Monsal, and Ashwood Dales, and Buxton. Of these places he gives somewhat lengthened descriptions, and, besides, lingers by the way at many another interesting spot, describing scenery, telling anecdotes, giving scraps of historical information, and relating the gossip of village inns (for he seems particularly learned as to the whereabouts of "Red Lions," "Blue Bells," "Georges," etc.), to his readers; and so his book is rendered chatty and agreeable enough to wile away a leisure hour with. We like, however, to see some aim in a book, besides book-making, and we like to know that there is something to be gained beyond simply willing away an hour or two in its perusal. It is not enough for a writer to visit a locality, to note the sign of its inn, to jot down scraps of gossip, to make a note or two on the way he reached and left it, and then, by the aid of out-of-date books, write his description at home. He ought to have an observing eye, an intelligent and inquiring mind, a quick perception, and no small power of reasoning, analysing, and comparing what he sees, and he ought to give the world the results of his own observations and his own researches, rather than a freshly hashed-up dish of the labours of others. Mr. Croston has evidently much to thank Rhodes's "Peak Scenery" for, in helping him not only to describe, but to give notices of places and matters within the course of his saunter. This is somewhat curiously illustrated in reference to that charming old custom of Derbyshire, "Funeral Garlands,"† Mr. Croston, with Rhodes (though unacknowledged) as his guide, while describing Hathersage and its Church, alludes to this beautiful custom as having formerly been there observed, and states, that at the time of his visit all the garlands had disappeared. Rhodes afterwards passed through Ashford-in-the-Water and Matlock, but at neither of these places did he describe the Church, so that he did not allude to their containing (which they do), many of these memorial garlands, which may still be seen hanging in their original places. Mr. Croston, too, visits Ashford-

* *On Foot through the Peak; or a Summer Saunter among the Hills and Dales of Derbyshire.* By JAMES CROSTON. London: Whittaker & Co.; Manchester: Slater. 1 vol. small 8vo., pp. 472, 1862.

† See Reliquary, Vol. I., p. 5 et seq.

in-the-Water, and Matlock, and, curiously enough, although he appears to have examined their churches, he, too, passes over all mention of these remarkable and highly interesting relics! This is a curious, but not a singular, instance of a writer's reliance on a favorite old author rather than on his own inferior powers of observation.

What we have said of Mr. Croston's book, does not detract one iota from its agreeableness as a summer's evening companion. It is a pleasant little production, and though, were we inclined, we could point out many errors, they are only what might be expected in "a text which has been written hastily in his leisure hours—oftentimes in those brief moments which he has been enabled to snatch from other and more legitimate pursuits."

THE O'BRIENS.*

THE Welsh are proverbial for tracing their pedigrees back to a remote period, nay even "beyond Adam," and of proving their descent from one or other illustrious person; but there are few of them, we opine, who can match their Irish brethren, the O'Briens in this respect. From a very early period—indeed the historical memoir commences A.D. 166—the O'Briens occupied the throne of Munster, and have been mixed up with almost every event of importance connected with Ireland from that period to the present time. Their early importance may be summed up in the words of Mr. O'Donoghue, who says, speaking of the descendants of Brian Boroinhe, who was sole monarch of Ireland in 1002, "among the five bloods to whom it was the policy of Henry the Second to give permission to avail themselves of the laws of England in their intercourse with the Norman immigrants (*quinque sanguines qui gaudent lege Anglicanâ quoad brevia portanda*), namely, the Macmorroghs, O'Neils, O'Briens, O'Conors, and O'Melaghilins, the O'Briens, from the prestige and character of their progenitor, the conqueror of Clontarf, held then a high place, as they now unquestionably do the highest. In the fourteenth century a chieftain of that stock was chosen to command the Irish troops sent to co-operate with the forces of the Pale in expelling Edward Bruce from the kingdom; while at later periods, in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the services to the crown of England rendered by the Earls of Thomond and Inchiquin are too well known to need more than a passing reference here. Occupying such a position in the history of their country, the following work has been undertaken, in accordance with the views already expressed, to give an account of that race, and the share it was their fortune to have had in the events of the kingdom to the present time. The revolution effected by Brian of the tributes in the monarchy of Ireland, at the commencement of the eleventh century, fifty-four years before the battle of Hastings transferred the crown of England to the Duke of Normandy, although it effected no such change in the tenure of land in this kingdom as was brought about in England by the Norman conquest, was, when the circumstances of the country are taken into account, an event scarcely of less importance than that which was ushered in by the victory of the Normans at Hastings. The throne of England had been occupied, since the merger of the Heptarchy, by a succession of Saxon and Danish princes, whose conflicting pretensions were maintained, as they had been asserted, by the sword, and whose dynasties had not acquired that prestige of long standing which was witnessed in the neighbouring island. In Ireland, on the contrary, the descendants of one family occupied the throne for a period of nearly six centuries with universal acquiescence, until deposed by a provincial prince, who relied on the strength of his personal character and the support of an army with which he had frequently chastised those Danish freebooters who vainly strove to establish in Ireland that dominion which they had been successful in founding in England and on the Continent of Europe. The importance of this revolution will be better understood, if we consider the nature of the principles on which the ancient Irish monarchy, and the succession to the throne of the supreme monarch and subordinate princes and chieftains, were founded." To write the history of such a family is no ordinary task, and the amount of labour and research necessary to be expended over such a work, is of no ordinary magnitude. Mr. O'Donoghue has however accomplished his task in a most satisfactory manner, and has produced one of the most important and valuable additions to the history of Ireland, which has been made by any writer. He has worked as only a writer can work whose heart is in his subject, and the result has been a volume of surpassing interest, and one which cannot fail to become a work of standard reference.

THE REBELLION OF 1715.

MR. SMITH has done some little service to local history, by reprinting this scarce volume, and it will be, no doubt, often referred to by topographical writers, and by

* *Historical Memoir of the O'Briens.* By JOHN O'DONOGHUE, M.A. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, 1 vol. 8vo., 1860, pp. 552.

genealogists. The list* is divided into counties, and contains, besides the names of the Roman Catholics, Nonjurors, &c., "their titles, additions, and places of abode; the parishes and townships where the land lay; the names of the tenants or occupiers thereof; and the annual valuation of them, as estimated by themselves," and is printed from the lists transmitted to the Commissioners for Forfeited Estates of England and Wales, after the "unnatural rebellion in the year 1715." The total amount of the estates, it appears, was £358,194 5s. 3½d., of which no less than £47,937 13s. 8d. were in Yorkshire alone, while the Rutlandshire assessment is only £40 18s. Derbyshire returned £8777 15s. 5½d., the families being those of Eyre, Hunlocke, Low, Fitzherbert, Pole, Clifford, Simpson, Stanley, Alleynes, Brent, Willoughby, Adams, Beaumont, Bagshaw, Merry, Pegge, Fleetwood, Millhouse, Deacon, Bromwell, Smilter, Marshall, Green, Bockin, Hardy, Furniss, Freeman, Savage, Bowden, Warrington, Kyrke, Clayton, Goodman, Halford, Bill, Howson, Mole, Pigg, Oldacre, Thorhill, Peter, Haight, Torr, Beveridge, and Howard. The list is very interesting, and, as we have said before, will often be found useful for reference.

SHREWSBURY.†

THERE are few towns so rich in antiquities as Shrewsbury. It abounds in timber houses of fine character; it has its abbey church full of interesting architectural details, of monuments and encaustic tiles; it has its fine old churches of St. Mary and St. Giles; its Castle, its Gates, its Grammar School, its Council House, its Trades' Hall, its "Arbours," its Friary, and numberless other places to interest the visitor, and to find employment for his pencil and his pen for many days. We know no town (scarcely excepting Chester) where places of interest are so crowded together as in Shrewsbury, and none where they are surrounded by such a splendid river and such a charming neighbourhood. We have a pleasant recollection of spending two or three weeks in Shrewsbury—now some years since—and making scores of sketches of different objects, and we well recollect that no place we have visited seemed to present such an endless number of subjects for our pencil as it did. To such a town, a good and reliable guide-book is very desirable, and is, indeed, one of the first things inquired for by the tourist. Mr. Pidgeon, the Treasurer to the Corporation, has endeavoured to supply such a work, and has produced a very nice and useful handbook, which in three routes within the walls, and in the course of some pleasant excursions in the vicinity, points out to the visitor all the principal objects, and gives him a nice little insight into their history and their peculiarities. He has illustrated his volume with no less than thirty-three wood engravings, and a lithographic plan of the town, which add greatly to its usefulness. As examples of these illustrations, and as well illustrating three of the interesting examples of domestic architecture with which Shrewsbury abounds, we have chosen the Council House, Rowley's Mansion, and a house in Market Square. The Council House, or Lord's Place, the entrance-hall of which we give on Plate V., was originally occupied as the residence of the Court of Marches of Wales; the Lords President and Council of which were frequently received here "rights royallie" by the corporation and trading companies; while the judicial proceedings of the Court, independent of the attendant pomp and feasting, imparted to Shrewsbury somewhat of the importance of a second capital. In the accounts of the chamberlain of the corporation is the following—1618, "spent in the enterteyning the Lord President at his first coming to this town, £57 9s. 0d." In the early part of the rebellion, the corporation sent an invitation to Charles I., stating that he should "have free access into the town, and be entertained in the best manner these troublesome times afford." The unfortunate monarch accepted the loyal offer, and arrived here Sept. 20th, 1642, attended by his two sons (the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York), and his nephew Prince Rupert, and resided in the Council House during his stay. King James II. also kept his court here in 1687. In 1583, the corporation granted to Richard Barker, Esq., Town Clerk of Shrewsbury, their interest in the Council-house and adjoining chapel, reserving the use of it for the annual residence of her Majesty's council. From him it passed to Thomas Owen, Esq., also Town Clerk, in whose family it remained until it was purchased by Richard Lyster, Esq., to whose descendant, Henry Lyster, Esq., of Rowton Castle, it now belongs. The building stands on an eminence overhanging the river, and in what is supposed to have been the outer baillium of the Castle. Its erection took place about the time of Henry VII., but was soon afterwards considerably enlarged. On the extinction of the Court of the Marches

* *The Names of the Roman Catholics, Nonjurors, and others, who refused to take the Oaths to his late Majesty King George, &c.* London: 1745. Reprinted for J. R. Smith, 1862, 8vo., pp. 152.

† *An Historical and Illustrated Handbook to the Town of Shrewsbury.* By HENRY PIDGEON, Treasurer of the Corporation, Author of "Memorials of Shrewsbury," &c., &c. Shrewsbury: J. O. Sandford, 18mo., pp. 196.

in 1639, these extensive buildings became ruinous, and their remains have been (during the present century) converted into three good houses. The hall and great chamber above form a portion of the residence of W. J. Clements, Esq., surgeon, who, with a commendable taste, preserves as far as possible the character of this part of the building.

The House in the Market Square, shown also on Plate V., is an excellent example of its period. It was erected by one John Lloyd, in 1579. Of course it will at once be seen, that its lower part has been altered and converted into a shop, but the gables and upper stories retain their original form. In the early part of the present century this building was used as Judges lodgings. Our next illustration shows the entrance to Rowley's Mansion, situated near the Mardol (anciently written *mardefolde*, derived from the British word *Marde*, signifying dairy, hence Dairyfold). This mansion is said to be the first brick building erected in Shrewsbury. It appears to have been built in 1618, by William Rowley, draper, the first of his family who settled in this town, of which he was admitted a Burgess in 1594, and made an alderman in 1633, under the charter of Charles I. His grand-daughter and co-heiress married John Hill, Esq., who lived in great hospitality in this mansion, from whom the street received the appellation of Hill's Lane, instead of Knuckin Street. He died in 1731, and the house was soon afterwards inhabited by the talented Dr. Adams, Incumbent of St. Chad's from 1731 to 1775. The portal of this mansion is curious, and is accurately delineated in the woodcut. The great chamber, or with-drawing-room, until lately remained nearly in its original state, and was adorned with a baso-relievo representation of the Creation, and other devices in stucco, &c. The oak wainscot from this and the other apartments has been sold, and the mullions from several of the windows removed. It is now used as a general storehouse, and presents a striking picture of "some banquet-hall deserted." In the rear are extensive malthouses, &c., all of ancient and curious timber-work.

Mr. Pidgeon's book is very neatly issued, and, as we have said before, will be found to be a great assistance to the visitor to Shrewsbury.

SCOTTISH PROVERBS.*

THE Scotch are "proverbial" for their wisdom, and that wisdom, if we may judge from this admirable little volume, is thoroughly embodied in their "proverbs." But not only their wisdom, but many curious and interesting phases of their social life, of their old-world manners and customs, and of their nationalities, do these proverbs present to the student curious in such matters. Quaintness of expression, and pecu-



* *The Proverbs of Scotland, collected and arranged, with notes, explanatory and illustrative.* By ALEXANDER HISLOP. Glasgow: Porteus & Hislop, pp. 372, small 8vo., 1862.



OLD HOUSE IN MARKET SQUARE, 1579.



ENTRANCE HALL OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE.

SHREWSBURY.

liar bents of thought crop out here and there among these "sayings of the people," which are curious and valuable to a surprising degree. The proverbs of a people may generally be regarded as a pretty sure index to their feelings, their principles, and their national characteristics and prejudices; and if proof were needed of the truth of this assertion, Mr. Hislop's volume, now before us, would abundantly supply it. A more curious collection has never been got together than it presents, and it is full of interest from beginning to end. Mr. Hislop is evidently a zealous and painstaking collector of these curious matters, and he deserves thanks for the care he has bestowed in arranging and classifying the immense mass of information he has got together; for the clearly written and ample notes he has added to those proverbs which require them; and for the admirable manner in which he has issued his volume to the public. "The plan of arrangement," says the author in his introduction, "was adopted, after due deliberation, as one of the most satisfactory which can be followed in a work of this nature. It contains, *first*, in a complete alphabet, all the proverbs which form the collection, carefully arranged according to their first words. *Second*, a classification of the first, as far as possible, into subjects—all proverbs relating to one or similar subjects being brought together into separate chapters, which are again alphabetically arranged. The greater portion of the proverbs thus appear twice—in the alphabetical order and under the subject. *Third*, a simple but comprehensive Glossary is appended, containing all the Scotch words to be found in the book. In the first part of the book a considerable number of notes are introduced. These notes the compiler had some hesitation in inserting, from a feeling that the greater number were mere literal explanations or illustrations, which conveyed generally but a very poor idea of the deeper meaning which the proverbs themselves are capable of yielding; and also in deference to opinions which have been expressed as to the propriety of adding notes to a collection of proverbs at all, as every reader of intelligence is competent to put an individual construction upon each, suited to circumstances; while the very wide inferences and applications which can be extracted from many of them, render the adapting of a brief and satisfactory note, in many cases, an impossibility. As it is, however, little merit is claimed for them, and if they are found to be of no aid in facilitating an interpretation, they will, at least, tend to relieve the monotonous or catalogue effect, so to speak, which is apt to be felt by many readers when perusing works arranged in alphabetical order. In all cases where the compiler could adapt a quotation or parallel proverb he did so, in preference to inserting an original note. To apply a proverb from the collection, it is hoped that, after all, the notes will be found no worse than 'Like a chip among parritch—little gude, little ill.'

"The classification, or second part of the book, has been a work of very great labour, and, indeed, attended with most unsatisfactory results. The difficulty of reducing a great number of proverbs, of almost universal application, into distinct, individual subjects can only be understood by those who have attempted the operation; while the greater number, which absolutely defy classification, add greatly to the difficulties of the task. In a word, it is impossible to make such an arrangement satisfactory in any degree; and the compiler respectfully claims the indulgence of his readers for this portion of the book, being well aware of its imperfections, as well as of his inability to correct them."

Undoubtedly Mr. Hislop has had difficulties to contend with in this part of his work, but he has well overcome them, and has succeeded in producing a better classification than could be reasonably expected. The Glossary, although not perhaps quite so full as we, on this side the Border would wish, is a great advantage to the reader, and is evidently prepared with considerable care. Altogether the volume is a very satisfactory one, and we hail it with pleasure. We believe it to be only the forerunner of other and greatly enlarged editions, and while wishing the author "God speed" in his undertaking, we heartily add in the words of one of his own country proverbs, "Fair fa' you, and that's nae fleecing."

ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.*

MR. O'CURRY, the learned Professor of Irish History and Archaeology in the Catholic University of Ireland, deserves the thanks of historians and antiquaries of every class, for the publication of the volume of lectures on the manuscript materials of Ancient Irish History now before us. The volume consists of twenty-one lectures, with a copious appendix, and illustrative fac-similes, and contains a larger, and better arranged, amount of information than any other work of a similar character which has come under our notice. The first lecture treats of the "lost books of ancient Erin"—the *Cuimhneann*, the *Saltair* of Tara, the book of the *Ua Chong bhail*, the *Cui Droma Snachla*, the *Seuchas Mór*, and others—and of the collections of Irish MSS. existing,

* *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History.* By EUGENE O'CURRY, M.R.I.A. Dublin: James Duffy, 1861; 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 722. Plates.

or known to have existed. The second treats of the earliest existing MSS.; the third to the seventh, of the early historic writers, with the Ancient Annals from the XIth century downwards, and the other lectures are devoted to the works of the "four masters;" to the chief existing ancient books; to the books of genealogies and pedigrees; to the historic and imaginative tales and poems of different periods; to the consideration of the early ecclesiastical MSS., and the so-called "prophecies," and the last of the series, to the consideration of the question "how the history of Erin is to be written." Mr. O'Curry has proved himself by this work alone to be well fitted for the chair he so ably fills in the Irish University, and it is with real pleasure we see that the present volume is to be succeeded by others, in which he will treat of the governmental, social, and early religious systems of the sister isle; of the education of her people, and of learning in ancient times; of Gaelic chivalry or Orders of Champions; of ancient arms, buildings, furniture, costume and ornaments; of music, agriculture, commerce, arts and manufactures; and of the ancient funeral rites and places of sepulture of the people. With these volumes added to the present, a more complete insight into the ancient history of Ireland will be gained, than by any other work or series of works yet published. We must not omit to say, that in the appendix Mr. O'Curry has given numerous extracts—with translations where necessary—from ancient MSS., and that he has also given twenty-six beautifully executed plates of fac-similes of Irish manuscripts, from the time of St. Patrick, A.D. 430, down to that of Eugene O'Curry in 1848. These plates form the most complete, and certainly the most useful, series of examples of Irish writing we have seen, and will be of extreme value to the collector of manuscripts.

Notes, Queries, and Gleanings.

MEERBROOK, NEAR LEEK.

THE following notice of a singular circumstance connected with this place, which occurred in 1822, will perhaps be worthy of preservation in the "RELICUARY." The account appeared in the *Christian Remembrancer* for 1834, to which it was communicated by a clergyman, who, with the incumbent, was an eye-witness. The following is an extract from a diary quoted by him, and his observations on it—

"Tu. Feb. 12th.—A most curious gnomon of ice appeared on our dial-post, exactly in the same direction as the old brass one did appear, viz. —due north and south; the old one being removed, and its vacant place filled with water about an inch deep. This icy gnomon was nearly of the same size as the old brass one, nearly of the same thickness, and exceedingly clear, and transparent, and hard. Lines, too, were drawn from the centre, or point of the gnomon, to the circumference as marking the hours. Who can give a probable philosophical account of this strange phenomenon?

"The morning of the day in question being fine, and the sun out, I was walking near the spot, when I observed on the dial-post something shining, which I took to be glass; but walking up to it, I beheld to my astonishment, a sundial of ice, which I immediately showed to my father and others. A pail was placed over it, and thus was this curiosity preserved entire till about noon on that day, when the gnomon fell; and where it had stood, we observed a fissure through the ice which had represented the dial plate. But the cavity cut in the stone for the reception of the dial plate was quite smooth, and contained nothing to cause the water to be frozen in that particular form. The situation of the dial is about six yards to the south of our church door, and in all other directions quite open."

Meerbrook, where the circumstance occurred, is situated three miles N.E. from Leek, in Staffordshire. The church is situated at the western end of the village. It was built about the seventh year of the reign of Elizabeth, by Sir Ralph Bagnall, to whom the Abbey of Dieulacres, with all its lands, had been given. The Rev. Wm. Brereton, A.B., is the first minister of whom any sepulchral record is to be found in the church or yard. At his death in 1716, the Rev. Daniel Turner, became incumbent. Until late in the last century, no schoolroom was erected in Meerbrook, and the business of education was therefore carried on in the church. During the year 1743, Philip Hollins, a youth from the New Grange, attended there. He is said to have been peculiarly handsome, and, being a gentleman's son, was allowed the use of a gun. One day, during the hour appointed for dinner, he was standing in the belfry of the church with the gun in his hand, with its muzzle towards him, when by some means it was discharged, and poor Hollins fell, mortally wounded. The marks on the wall which were allowed to remain many years, have of late been covered up. The tomb of this unfortunate youth bears the following inscription—"Interr'd here the Body of Philip Hollins, Son of John and Etis. Hollins of New Grange, who departed this life December the 10th 1743, Aged 16. The Lord killeth & maketh Alive; he bringeth down to the Grave, and he raiseth up."

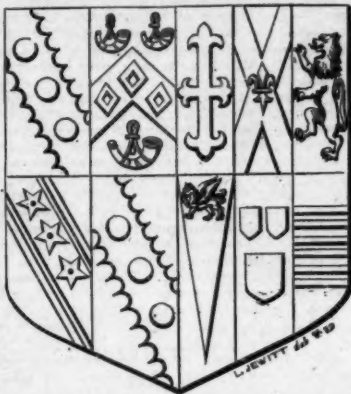
Leekfrith.

W. B.

LWLWORTH CHURCH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HERALDIC QUERY.—On a flat stone in this church is the following inscription, to the "Godly Memorie" of Margaret, wife of Sir John Cutts, and daughter and coheires of Sir John Brockett—"Sacred to Posteritie and the Godly Memorie of Margaret Cvts Daughter & co-Heire of St John Cvts by whom she had issue Sir John Robert and Elenor Cvts the two latter deceased. She left the Manovr of Boxworth in Cambridgeshire to the Survivor John who much more impayred in her losse then repayrd in her benefit eternally sad save in the assurance of her happier state hath here covered the earth that covers her with this plaine Monument 22d November 1610." On the stone are two brasses of arms, *Cutts* impaling *Brockett* as shown in the engraving—1 and 4. *Cutts*, arg. on a bend, sable, 3 plates; 2. *Corney*, arg. a chevron between 3 bugle horns strung, sable; 3. *Esmer-ton*, arg. on a bend cottised, sable, 3 mullets arg.; impaling, quarterly of six—1. *Brockett*, a cross potent; 2. *Neville*, gu. a saltire arg.; 3. *Fauconberg*, arg. a lion rampant, az.; 4.! on a pile az. a griffin passant, or; 5. *Fitz-Symon*, gu. 3 inescutcheons argent; 6. *Beastead*, gu. 3 bars gemmelles arg.

QUERY.—To what family does the fourth bearing in the impaled arms (on a pile az. a griffin passant, or.) belong? W. H. B.



KNOWLE HILLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIQUARY.

SIR—Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, afford the readers of the "RELIQUARY" some information respecting Knowle Hills? I am not sure the name is spelt correctly, but the place I mean is in a wood, some two or three miles from Swarkestone. Most residents in Derby and the neighbourhood have visited that charming retreat on a summer afternoon, but though friends and I have often gone there, I never heard of any body who could tell me any thing about the place. The old couple who have so long resided there, seem to know nothing beyond the fact, that when there was a mansion at Knowle Hills, it belonged to the Burdett family. Was the place simply a country residence, or was it ever a monastic establishment? What was the use of those strange excavations called cellars? but which resemble in design a Roman crypt or receptacle for funeral urns. Neither ale or wine cellars could they ever have been. They are cut in the solid red sandstone, and if really old, are in marvellously good preservation. What was the crescent-shaped room with the niches (which probably once held statues) on the lower terrace? The close proximity of the fine old trees which are gradually uprooting the steps, would suggest that it was once a summer-house, or temple in the garden, and not a drawing-room. There exists a traditionary story, that from the vaults or cellars at Knowle Hills, there was once a subterraneous passage going under the bed of the Trent! to the vaults in Repton Church!! Is there any truth in that old wife's tale? By affording some information respecting so interesting a place, you will greatly oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Knowle Hills is undoubtedly a place worthy of description and illustration in the pages of the "RELIQUARY," and, indeed, is one which has long been dotted down in our memoranda for that purpose. We would suggest to our fair correspondent, that she cannot do better than visit Knowle Hills, make sketches and notes of its interesting features, and give our readers the result of her labours in a paper on the subject.

[ED. RELIQUARY.]

INSCRIPTION IN BARLBOROUGH CHURCHYARD.

100 yeares lived I, William Cooke,
God lent the time and I it tooke;
The 30th of Januari, 1640, my life ended;
Have given to Barlbrough pore
20 pounds for evermore.

E. C., Jun.





ENTRANCE GATEWAY, SHOEMAKERS ARBOUR,
KINGSLAND, SHREWSBURY.

Llewellynn Jewitt, del & sc.

THE
town
and
origi

• 1
4.—7